

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

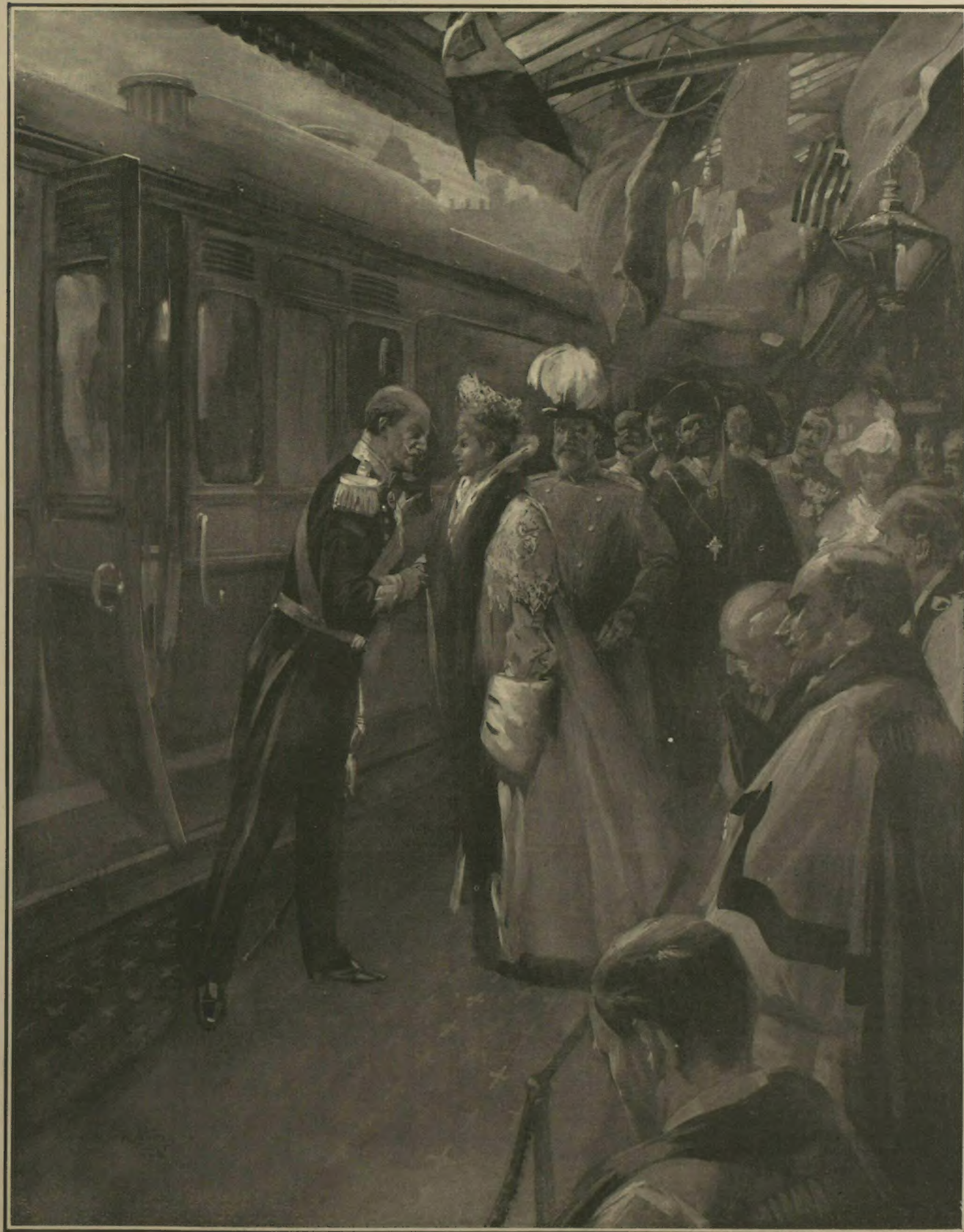
REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3474.—VOL. CXXVII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1905.

SIXPENCE

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Greek Archimandrite.



King George.

Queen.

King.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA GREETING HER BROTHER: THEIR MAJESTIES WELCOMING KING GEORGE OF GREECE AT WINDSOR STATION.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLINT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WINDSOR.

*The King, in the uniform of a British Admiral, was greeted as soon as he alighted by his sister, Queen Alexandra, and by King Edward. On the platform were the Mayor and Corporation of Windsor, and the Archimandrite of the Greek Church, M. Savoridi.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

Some of the people who talk most about "change" and "progress" are the people who can least imagine, really, any alteration in the existing tests and methods of life. For instance, they make "reading and writing" a test for all ages and all civilisations. Reading and writing are in themselves simply accomplishments, very delightful and exciting accomplishments, like playing the mandoline or looping the loop. Some accomplishments are at one time generally fashionable, some at another. In our civilisation nearly everybody can read. In the Saracen civilisation nearly everybody could ride. But people persistently apply the three "R's" to all human history. People say, in a shocked sort of voice, "Do you know that in the Middle Ages you could not find one gentleman in ten who could sign his name?" That is just as if a mediæval gentleman cried out in horror, "Do you know that among the gentlemen of the reign of Edward VII. not one in ten knows how to fly a falcon?" Or, to speak more strictly, it would be like a mediæval gentleman expressing astonishment that a modern gentleman could not blazon his coat-of-arms. The alphabet is one set of arbitrary symbols. The figures of heraldry are another set of arbitrary symbols. In the fourteenth century every gentleman knew one: in the twentieth century every gentleman knows the other. The first gentleman was just precisely as ignorant for not knowing that c-a-t spells "cat," as the second gentleman is for not knowing that a St. Andrew's Cross is called a cross saltire, or that vert on gules is bad heraldry.

We talk, with typical bigotry and narrowness, about the Alphabet. But there are in truth a great many alphabets besides the alphabet of letters. The letter alphabet was only slightly used in the Middle Ages: these other alphabets are only slightly used now. A certain number of soldiers learn to convey their meaning to each other by abruptly brandishing small flags. Others talk to each other in an intimate and chatty way by flashes of sunlight on a mirror. These alphabets are now as peculiar and restricted an accomplishment as writing was in the Dark Ages. They may some day be as broad and universal a habit as writing is now. In some future age we may see a lady and gentleman, one on each side of the table, arguing in an animated way by waving little flags in each other's faces. We may see distinguished ladies at their bedroom windows, with their looking-glasses turned towards the street, shaking the looking-glasses violently in order to communicate with a friend a few miles off. This will be especially satisfying, for it will provide them with a use for their mirrors, articles which they find at present to be entirely without *raison d'être*.

How strange it is, then, that we should so constantly think of education as having something to do with such things as reading and writing! Why, real education consists of having nothing to do with such things as reading and writing. It consists, at the least, of being independent of them. Real education precisely consists in the fact that we see beyond the symbols and the mere machinery of the age in which we find ourselves: education precisely consists in the realisation of a permanent simplicity that abides behind all civilisations, the life that is more than meat, the body that is more than raiment. The only object of education is to make us ignore mere schemes of education. Without education we are in a horrible and deadly danger of taking educated people seriously. The latest fads of culture, the latest sophistries of anarchism will carry us away if we are uneducated: we shall not know how very old are all new ideas. We shall think that Christian Science is really the whole of Christianity and the whole of Science. We shall think that art colours are really the only colours in art. The uneducated man will always care too much for complications, novelties, the fashion, the latest thing. The uneducated man will always be an intellectual dandy. But the business of education is to tell us of all the varying complications, of all the bewildering beauty of the past. Education commands us to know, as Arnold said, all the best literatures, all the best arts, all the best national philosophies. Education commands us to know them all that we may do without them all.

I saw in the newspaper the other day a startling example of all this. It seems that the Duchess of Somerset has been going into some Board School somewhere where the children were taught fairy-tales, and then going into some Board of Guardians somewhere else and saying that fairy-tales were full of "nonsense," and that it would be much better to teach them about Julius Cæsar "or other great men." Here we have a complete incapacity to distinguish between the normal and eternal and the abnormal or accidental. Boards of Guardians are accidental and abnormal; they shall be consumed ultimately in the wrath of God. Board Schools are abnormal; we shall find, I hope, at last some

sounder kind of democratic education. Duchesses are abnormal; they are a peculiar product of the combination of the old aristocrat and the new woman. But fairy-tales are as normal as milk or bread. Civilisation changes; but fairy-tales never change. Some of the details of the fairy-tale may seem odd to us; but its spirit is the spirit of folk-lore; and folk-lore is, in strict translation, the German for common-sense. Fiction and modern fantasy and all that wild world in which the Duchess of Somerset lives can be described in one phrase. Their philosophy means ordinary things as seen by extraordinary people. The fairy-tale means extraordinary things as seen by ordinary people. The fairy-tale is full of mental health. The fairy-tale can be more sane about a seven-headed dragon than the Duchess of Somerset can be about a Board School.

For all this fairy-tale business is simply the ancient and enduring system of human education. A seven-headed dragon is, perhaps, a very terrifying monster. But a child who has never heard about him is a much more terrifying monster than he is. The maddest griffin or chimera is not so wild a supposition as a school without fairy-tales. Through the briefly reported remarks of the Duchess of Somerset could easily be read the dark and extraordinary opinion, the opinion that a fairy-tale is something fantastic, something artificial, something of the nature of a joke. Of course, the very reverse is true. Fairy-tales are the oldest and gravest and most universal kind of human literature. It is the School Board that is fantastic. It is the Board of Guardians that is artificial. It is the Duchess of Somerset who is a joke. The whole human race that we see walking about anywhere is a race mentally fed on fairy-tales as certainly as it is a race physically fed on milk. If you abolish seven-headed dragons you would simply abolish babies. Some swollen-headed, dehumanised little tadpoles might remain behind, making a ludicrous pretence of infancy; but they would probably die young, especially if they were brought up on the life of Julius Cæsar. Some parts of the life of Julius Cæsar, if you told every word of it, would seem to be a little unfitted for infant edification; especially his early adventures. But if every word of his life were told, we might console ourselves with coming into possession of the one really important fact about him and every other man. If every word of his life were told, his life would begin with a vivid description of how much he enjoyed fairy-tales. Some of the fairy-tales he enjoyed to the end of his life: for he was exceedingly superstitious, as are all men of great intellect who have not found a religion.

Here, then, we have a curious instance of a person mistaking a quite temporary social atmosphere for the eternal sanity. For, to begin with, even in the mere matter of physical fact the fairy-tales are much more of a picture of the permanent life of the great mass of mankind than most realistic fiction. Most realistic fiction deals with modern towns—that is, with one short transition period in the smallest corner of the smallest of the four continents. Fairy-tales deal with that life of field and hut and palace, those simple relations with the ox and with the king which actually are the experience of the greatest number of men for the greatest number of centuries. The real farmer in most real places really does send out his three sons to seek their fortune; he knows uncommonly well that they will not get it from him. The real king of the majority of earthly royal houses is really ready to offer to some wild adventurer "the half of his kingdom." His kingdom is so uncommonly small to begin with that the division does not seem unnatural. Even in these physical matters the fairy-tale only seems incredible because we are in a somewhat exceptional position. It seems incredible to us because the big civilisation we have built is a specialist and singular and somewhat morbid thing. In short, it only seems incredible to us because we ourselves shall very soon be incredible.

In the same newspaper, or in some similar one, I came across another example of exactly the same lack of large education and a sense of the proportions of history. Another lady of similarly good position wrote to the *Daily Telegraph* suggesting that the children of Board Schools ought to be discouraged from dressing—or rather that their parents ought to be discouraged from dressing them—in fanciful finery and foppery, in laces or velvets or ribbons. She urged that the boys at Eton or Harrow are made to dress with sobriety in black and white and grey. But she did not realise that this is done merely because it happens at this moment to be the fashion of the aristocracy to dress with sobriety in black and white and grey. An Eton boy is dressed quietly not because it is manly, but because it is fashionable. And she did not seem to be aware that, hardly more than a century ago, the whole aristocracy did dress in laces and velvets and ribbons. The parents of poor children are again doing merely the normal human thing. They are dressing their children as gentlemen were dressed yesterday and may be dressed to-morrow.

## THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

BY CARL JOUBERT.

Seizing on the central point of the situation, I wish to impress upon the British Government, and on the public opinion that supports them, the imminent and terrible danger of the Russian Imperial family. Every member of the House of Romanoff is doomed, unless early and effective means for ensuring their safety are adopted. I have given this warning over and over again, publicly and privately. I give it again—probably for the last time. I concluded "An Open Letter" to the Tsar in "Russia as It Really Is" with these words: "The smoke, your Imperial Majesty, is issuing from the eaves of your house." I said: "I am no Daniel, but I can read the writing on the wall, for it is only one word—'Revolution.' France had only one Marat; but there are more men of his stamp in Russia than your Majesty could count. There are also many Robespierres and Dantons. The Reign of Terror in France will sink into insignificance and oblivion when the day of the Russian Revolution dawns. Each Government will mete out her own particular ideas of justice; each State will have her own terrors, each village its tree of execution, and the 'heads' will be demanded by the thousands. The seeds of revolution are already sown in your Majesty's dominions."

These words were written with full knowledge more than a year ago. In the English Press they were regarded sometimes as exaggeration, sometimes as the fanciful emotion of a Slav, and in some cases they were denounced as false and incendiary nonsense. Who is right? The *Times* and the *Saturday Review* or Carl Joubert? The reader who takes the trouble to recall the prophecies in my three books will find that they have all come true.

In "Russia as It Really Is," I pointed to the red smoke. In "The Truth about the Tsar," I asked the public to notice that the edifice was on fire, and that if the rule of the Romanoffs was to be saved Nicholas must abandon his inheritance of autocracy, side with the people, and give to them the reality and not the shadow of freedom. My first two books on Russia contained nothing but sober fact, but they were ahead of public opinion. The predictions have now been fulfilled. Peaceful, unarmed Christians were murdered by hired Moslems on Jan. 23. This act ended the armistice between the people and Nicholas Alexandrovitch. Already in the quicksands up to his shoulders, Nicholas is now lost. The United States of Russia are born. No constitutional monarch will succeed the autocracy. The civil war now raging can have one end, and one only. Where one head has fallen for freedom, ten will be required for autocracy. Let the ladies and children of the family of Romanoff seek an asylum outside Russia, and they will not be harmed; but they must act quickly. There is no time to lose.

Plehve and Pobiedonostseff were retained too long. Liberty for the Russian people is won, but oceans of blood will be shed and tens of thousands of lives will be lost before liberty is established. Had the Romanoffs been wise in time, the Russian people would have been content with liberty. They now are demanding manhood suffrage. The moujik is as fit for liberty as any householder in Mayfair; he is not fit for manhood suffrage; but owing to the suicidal delay of the Pobiedonostseffs and Grand Ducal advisers of Nicholas, it is now too late. All Russia sees red. The monarchical element is doomed. War to the knife is the order of the day.

From my sick-bed I give another warning. The best of the Revolutionists have left Russia. They are now in London. They have been superseded by men of violence and mostly without education or love of country. The fool-fury of the Seine is to the madness of the Russian Reds as water is to wine. The moderate men are thrust aside. Anarchy is at hand.

But the main object of my writing now is to warn and reiterate the warning of the danger of the Tsar. Let him leave. Let him go on board a German ship for the purpose. Let him quit the scene of his failures. His coronation was inauspicious—a reign that began with anarchy on the Khodynsk Plain will end with the anarchy of all Russia. Last May I wrote and delivered to a great London newspaper the warning of the certain fate of the Tsar. The newspaper refused to publish it. Would they refuse to publish it now?

I cannot leave the subject without speaking frankly about the Jews. The Russian people have no animosity against the Jew; but the finest intellects, the clearest heads, the coolest judgment, and the most relentless determination among the Revolutionists are to be found among men of the Hebrew faith and the Jewish race. This is the real reason for the animosity of the Tchinovniks against the Jews. They know that they cannot hold a candle in brain-power to the Children of Israel. They know that unless they can destroy the intellectuals and the Jews their offices will be taken from them, because they are drunken, cruel, and corrupt. Therefore, it was not enough for Nicholas to sign a Constitution on a piece of paper. It was necessary also either to obtain the consent of the bureaucracy to the Constitution or to contrive their removal or appeasement. As Nicholas could neither appease nor replace them, they have refused their consent to the new order of things, and by concentrating their energies against the temperate, industrious, and clever Jewish population, and by exciting the moujik and scatterbrains, like Maxim Gorki, against the Jewish religion by mediæval fictions and appeals to passion, have taken the only means by which they can hope to preserve their places. This is the origin of the Jewish Terror. It is based on plunder, not on hatred.

Six months ago I wrote to his Majesty King Edward, but after discovering that the letter would be intercepted, and would not reach the hands of the King, I did not send it. I now publicly repeat my warning about the danger to the Romanoffs. History makes itself rapidly in Russia. Statements which a year ago were regarded as a fanatic's prejudice are now recorded in the annals of Russian history. A grimmer story awaits the world than any that has gone before.



## THE ROYAL TOUR IN INDIA.

The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at Bombay on Thursday week last, and were received on the Apollo Bunder by the Viceroy and Lady Curzon, Lord Lamington, the Governor of Bombay, and very many Oriental magnates. On the following day the Prince received the native chiefs of the Bombay Presidency at Government House, and it is interesting to note that, almost without exception, the chiefs spoke English fluently. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess drove in State through the bazaars. On the 11th the Princess of Wales received an address from the ladies of India at the Bombay Town Hall, and the occasion had its special interest, owing to the fact that her Royal Highness is the first English Princess who has ever been in India. At the end of the ceremony, and as the Princess of Wales was leaving the hall, a shower of real pearls fell upon her, thrown by an Indian lady as a token of devotion and affection. On the same afternoon the Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone of a new museum, which is to remain as a permanent memorial of the royal visit. There was a great reception at Government House in the evening. After a quiet Sunday, the Prince devoted the forenoon of Monday to paying return visits to the great chiefs, and in the afternoon his Highness, accompanied by the Princess, laid the foundation-stone of a new dock. On Tuesday evening the royal visit to Bombay came to an end. It could hardly have been more successful.

## THE KAISER AND HIS RECRUITS.

The trust-in-God-and-keep-your-powder-dry ideal churns mightily just now in the Kaiser's brain. It would seem, indeed, that his Imperial Majesty desires that all his soldiers should be like-minded with Cromwell's Ironsides. On Sunday, the 12th—the better the day the better the deed—when the recruits of the Potsdam Garrison took their *Sacramentum*, or military oath, the Kaiser, as usual, improved the occasion. Advancing towards the altar, he pointed to it, saying: "You see here an altar, and on it the Cross, the symbol of all Christians. As such you have sworn the oath of allegiance to the colours, and I hope and wish that you will ever be mindful of this oath. As I stand here a memorable episode rises before my eyes. When the Emperor Leopold of Austria handed over the supreme command of his army to the famous Prince Eugene and gave to the latter the Marshal's baton, Prince Eugene seized the crucifix and held it aloft, with the words, 'This shall be our Generalissimo.' I expect similar sentiments from you. I want pious and gallant soldiers in my army, not mockers."

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A BRITISH PRINCESS QUEEN OF NORWAY.

Photograph by Dearey.



THE QUEEN OF NORWAY, THIRD DAUGHTER OF KING EDWARD.

*Princess Maud Mary Charlotte Victoria was born on November 26, 1869. On July 22, 1896, she was married to Prince Christian Frederick Charles George Waldemar Axel of Denmark. Princess Maud has one son, Prince Alexander Edward Christian Frederick, who was born on July 2, 1903.*



# THE NEWLY ELECTED KING OF NORWAY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOWNNEY.



CARL V. OF NORWAY, FORMERLY PRINCE CHARLES OF DENMARK

*Prince Charles of Denmark, who has, by an overwhelming majority, been elected to the throne of Norway, which he will ascend with the title of Carl V., as the grandson of King Christian IX. He is thirty-three years of age, a naval officer by profession, and the husband of Princess Maud.*



## THE QUEEN'S PROTÉGÉS: STARVING WIVES AND CHILDREN OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

SKETCHES BY H. H. FLÈRE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE EAST-END.



1. A MAKER OF CHILDREN'S BLOUSES AT 1S. 6D. A DOZEN.

2. WIFE GOING BLIND; HUSBAND OUT OF WORK: CHILDREN STARVING.

3. CASUAL LABOUR AT 2S. A DAY: BOTTLE-WASHING.

4. A HAUNT OF MISERY: AN EAST-END COURT.

5. DISCUSSING CHANCES OF WORK.

6. SICKNESS AND DESTITUTION: A VISIT OF THE RELIEVING OFFICER.

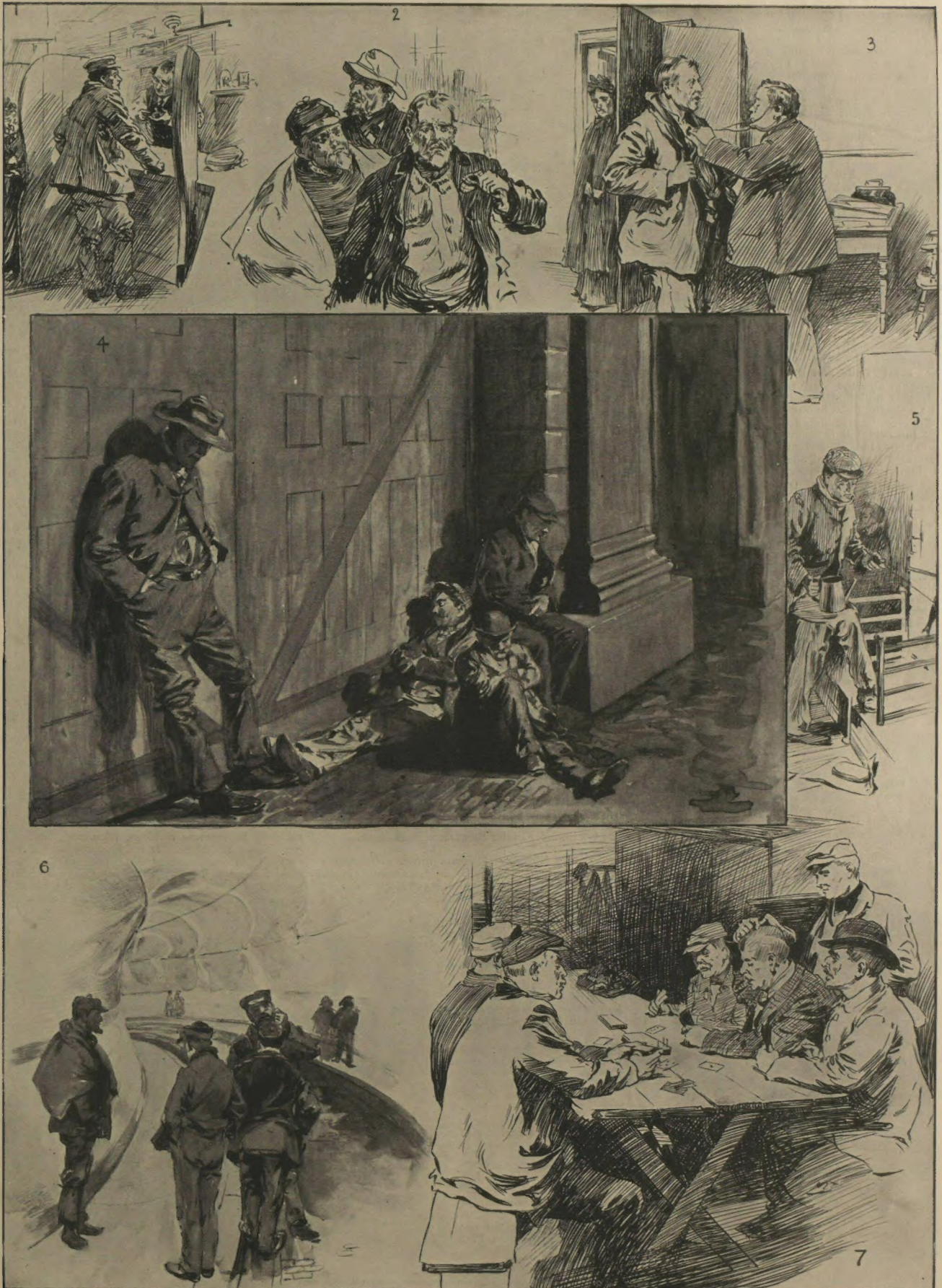
7. PARISH RELIEF. 8. SHIRT-HANDS GOING FOR WORK.

Our Artist has this week visited the actual scenes of the destitution which the Queen has called upon the nation to relieve. Her Majesty has herself headed the subscription list with £2000. The tailoress in the first sketch was found making children's blouses at 1s. 6d. the dozen, and out of this she had to find her own cotton at 2d. a reel. The second sketch is that of a woman whose husband is out of employment and who cannot help her children because her eyesight is failing. The bottle-washers at the docks receive 2s. a day, but the employment is quite casual. The means at the disposal of the Relieving Officer is utterly inadequate, and the Queen's Fund requires, and will no doubt receive, great and generous support from the nation if it is to do more than graze the edge of the problem.



# THE QUEEN'S PROTÉGÉS: TYPES OF THE EAST-END UNEMPLOYED.

DRAWN BY H. H. FLEER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE EAST-END.



1. A DOCK LABOURER PAWNING HIS LAST POSSESSION OF ANY VALUE.

2. TYPES OF DOCK LABOURERS.

3. THE PHYSICIAN OF THE UNEMPLOYED: THE POOR-LAW DOCTOR.

4. A NIGHT SCENE OUTSIDE THE EAST INDIA DOCK.

5. COOKING THE "TWO-EYED STEAK" (A BLOATER) IN A DOSS-HOUSE KITCHEN.

6. SHELTER FROM THE WET IN BLACKWALL TUNNEL.

7. THE POOR MAN'S BRIDGE PARTY: CARDS IN A DOSS-HOUSE.

The card-players in the seventh sketch belong to the class known in the East-End as "tee-rags." They work at Millwall as corn-feeders—that is, loading grain on ships. If they are engaged in the morning they are paid two shillings for four hours' work, and after that sixpence an hour. Those engaged in the morning may be dismissed after an hour, but they still receive their two shillings. Those engaged in the afternoon are paid only for actual time worked at the rate of sixpence an hour.



## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE KING OF GREECE  
IN ENGLAND.

The King of the Hellenes arrived at Portsmouth on Nov. 13. His Majesty sailed from Cherbourg on the royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, which was escorted by the armoured cruisers *Devonshire*, *Antrim*, *Roxburgh*, and *Hamphshire*. As the yacht entered the harbour King George was saluted by the shore batteries and by the flag-ship *Victory*, and the firing was taken up by all the commissioned ships in the port. At the South Railway Jetty the King was welcomed by Prince Arthur of Connaught, representing King Edward, and his Majesty immediately proceeded by special train to Windsor, where he arrived at about four o'clock. The weather was dismal, but Windsor had done its best to welcome the Queen's brother, and the town was decorated everywhere with the blue and white flag of Greece. At the station the King and Queen welcomed their guest and Prince Nicholas, and immediately drove to the Castle, the route to which was lined by soldiers of the Coldstream Guards. The same corps mounted a Guard of Honour at the station, and their band played the Greek National Anthem. The Mayor and Corporation of Windsor presented an address, and another was offered by the members of the Greek community. Within the Castle the guests were received by members of the royal family and the great officers of State, and the staircase was lined by Guards who had been brought up to the Castle from the barracks in a motor-bus in order to save their accoutrements from the mud. It is remarked by those curious in these matters that this is the first time that a motor-omnibus has entered the sacred precincts of Windsor. In the evening there was a family dinner in the State Dining-room. Next day the King gave a shooting-party in Windsor Park, and in the evening there was a State banquet.

THE QUEEN  
AND  
THE POOR.

We pointed out last week, in dealing with the deputation to the Prime Minister, that the distress in the country is abnormal and that the suffering will increase with bad weather. On Monday last her Majesty the Queen issued through Lord de Grey, Treasurer of her Household, an appeal to all charitably disposed people in the Empire to assist in alleviating the suffering of the starving unemployed. "For this purpose," ran the appeal, "I head the list with £2000." It is needless, perhaps, to remark that this generous and kindly action has aroused universal admiration, and everybody hopes that it will meet with the wide response that is called for. At the same time some doubt exists as to the best method of distributing funds collected from the charitable. People intimately connected with

## OUR PORTRAITS.

Rear-Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg has been paying a round of official visits in the United States, where he and his command have been heartily welcomed. At Annapolis he was formally entertained by the Navy, and at Washington he was received by the Government. At Baltimore at least

THE NORWEGIAN  
CROWN.

Prince Charles of Denmark to the throne practically assured. The figures were 253,936 ayes as against 67,554 noes.

The plebiscite in Norway showed an overwhelming majority in favour of a kingdom, and left the election of the Government would on Nov. 16 introduce a Bill into the Storting authorising the election of a King for Norway. Dec. 7 has been mentioned as a probable date for the State entry of the King and Queen into Christiania.

THE FAMINE IN  
JAPAN.

The news of the famine in Japan takes somewhat ghoulish form in a communication made by the Special Commissioner of the *Fiji Shimpo* to the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondent at Tokio. "There are cases," we learn, "where parents are selling their children in order to decrease their responsibility and gain a little money. One typical case is as follows: A girl, nine years old, was sold as a servant for two yen (about four shillings), but the purchaser, on seeing the wretched condition of her kimono (dress), would only pay seventy sen (about eighteenpence). With this small sum the parents started for Hokkaido to find work, leaving an old grandmother in the house." At least a million people are affected, and not less than half of this number are starving. The *Fiji Shimpo's* representative passed through miles of land covered with green rice, of which eight per cent. only will pay for harvesting. Many of the poorest of the people have sold their furniture, and, lacking fuel, are preparing to pass the winter in dug-outs strewn with chaff and roofed with dried grass. Still, there are oases in the deserts of misery: one of the three model villages of Japan, fearing famine, stored up crops sufficient for two years, and is envied accordingly.

THE CONGO  
COMMISSION.

The report from the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the administration of the Congo State has been published in Brussels. It deals with charges brought against King Leopold's Administration under eight headings, and while it will not satisfy the opponents of that Administration, it brings home to friends and foes some sense of the amount of work that has been done in a part of Africa that was steeped in the lowest barbarism only a quarter of a century ago. The Commissioners deal with land legislation and the freedom of trade, forced labour, military expeditions, concessions, depopulation; Free State and Catholic Missions in their relations to destitute children, recruiting, and the administration of justice. It will be remembered that this Commission was suggested in June of last year by Lord Lansdowne. It left for the Congo in September 1904, and returned last March, and the work seems to have been done conscientiously. Certain abuses



THE NEW DOCK AT SEAHAM, OPENED BY MR. BALFOUR, NOVEMBER 11.

The new dock for the coal trade measures 1000 ft. by 450 ft., and covers ten acres. The foundation-stone was laid six years ago by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, and the works were carried out by the Seaham Harbour Dock Company.

30,000 citizens turned out to do him honour. In that city, the printers of the *News* elected Prince Louis a member of their Union, on hearing that he had learned the art of printing in his youth.

Captain Wells, formerly Chief Officer in the London Fire Brigade, and latterly chief agent to the Conservative Party, last week resigned his office. He did so, it is understood, owing to complaints that were made recently in various quarters regarding the organisation of the Unionist Party. Captain Wells was born at Calcutta in 1859, was educated at Cheltenham, and entered the



Photo, Ferrard.

CAPTAIN WELLS,  
CHIEF CONSERVATIVE AGENT  
(RETIRED).



MR. J. HERBERT MARSHALL,  
NEW KNIGHT.



Photo, Debenham.

MR. G. W. MILLER, C.B.,  
CREATED K.C.B.



Photo, Russell.

RT. HON. SIR C. HARDINGE,  
BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO RUSSIA,  
NEW K.C.V.O.

Royal Navy. He was nine years in the Torpedo Service, and was Commander in the *Barfleur* and *Benbow*.

Among the Birthday Honours appears the name of Mr. J. Herbert Marshall, a prominent citizen of Leicester, for which city he was Mayor during the late Queen's Diamond Jubilee year. While in office he raised large sums of money which set the Leicester Infirmary on a sound financial basis. His services were recognised by the citizens by the presentation of a portrait by Arthur Hacker, which now hangs in the Town Hall. Sir Herbert, who has one of the largest musical instrument businesses in the kingdom, was appointed by the King, when Prince of Wales, honorary representative of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music. He founded the Leicester Philharmonic Society, and has been very influential in musical circles in the Midlands.

Mr. Gordon Miller, Accountant-General of the Navy, has been created a K.C.B. He was formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the 3rd Middlesex Artillery, is a Justice of the Peace for the County of London, and in 1892 was made a C.B.

Sir Charles Hardinge, who has been created a Knight Grand Cross of the Victorian Order, was last year appointed the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. An Old Harrovian and Cambridge man, he entered the Diplomatic Service in 1880, and sixteen years later was Secretary of Legation at Teheran. From 1898 to 1903 he was Secretary to the British Embassy at St. Petersburg, and from 1903 to 1904 he was Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs.



A ROYAL BRITISH SAILOR IN THE UNITED STATES: PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG AT ANNAPOLIS ON BOARD HIS FLAG-SHIP "DRAKE."

STEREOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

the administration of such supplies are of opinion that all moneys collected should be placed in the hands of the central authorities set up by Act of Parliament last session, for they believe that only in this way can the offerings of the charitable reach their proper destination.



ONE OF THE BARNARDO BOYS' CARS AT THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

At the Lord Mayor's Show boys from the late Dr. Barnardo's Homes appeared on decorated cars. As they went along, the boys were seen working at the trades which they are taught during their residence in the Homes.

have been admitted, and another Commission has been appointed to study the conclusions of the report, devise measures for the better conduct of the country, and see how these measures can best be carried out. This is the same as saying that the Congo Free State, for all its malpractices, is to have a chance of doing better.



# THE BEST MAN.

By EDITH WHARTON.



Illustrated by R. PANNETT.

This story was one of the leading contributions to "Collier's Weekly" Short Story Contest. Although it failed to take a prize, Senator Lodge, one of the judges, would have given it first place. The £1000 prize story appears in our Christmas Number, ready November 27.

## CHAPTER IV.

Shackwell and the Governor sat over the evening embers. It was after ten o'clock, and the servant had carried away the coffee and liqueurs, leaving the two men to their cigars. Mornway had once more lapsed



She stood before them in her bright evening dress.

into his arm-chair, and sat with outstretched feet gazing comfortably at his friend.

Shackwell was a small, dry man of fifty, with a face as sallow and freckled as a winter pear, a limp moustache, and shrewd, melancholy eyes.

"I am glad you have given yourself a day's rest," he said, looking at the Governor.

"Well, I don't know that I needed it. There's such exhilaration in victory that I never felt fresher."

"Ah, but the fight's just beginning."

"I know—but I'm ready for it. You mean the campaign against Fleetwood. I understand there is to be a big row. Well, he and I are used to rows."

Shackwell paused, surveying his cigar. "You knew the *Spy* meant to lead the attack?"

"Yes. I was offered a glimpse of the documents this afternoon."

Shackwell started up. "You didn't refuse?"

Mornway related the incident of Gregg's visit. "I could hardly buy my information at that price," he said, "and, besides, it is really Fleetwood's business this time. I suppose he has heard the report, but it doesn't seem to bother him. I rather thought he would have looked in to-day to talk things over, but I haven't seen him."

Shackwell continued to twist his cigar through his sallow fingers without remembering to light it. "You're determined to reappoint Fleetwood?" he asked at length.

The Governor caught him up. "You're the fourth person who has asked me that to-day! You haven't lost faith in him, have you, Hadley?"

"Not an atom!" said the other, with emphasis.

"Well, then, what are you all thinking of, to suppose I can be frightened by a little newspaper talk? Besides, if Fleetwood is not afraid, why should I be?"

"Because you'll be involved in it with him."

The Governor laughed. "What have they got against me now?"

Shackwell, standing up, confronted his friend solemnly. "This—that Fleetwood bought his appointment two years ago."

"Ah—bought it of me? Why didn't it come out at the time?"

"Because it wasn't known then. It has only been found out lately."

"Known—found out? This is magnificent! What was my price, and what did I do with the money?"

Shackwell glanced about the room, and his eyes returned to Mornway's face.

"Look here, John, Fleetwood is not the only man in the world."

"The only man?"

"The only Attorney-General. The *Spy* has the Lead Trust behind it and means to put up a savage fight. Mud sticks, and—"

"Hadley, is this a conspiracy? You're saying to me just what Ella said this afternoon."

At the mention of Mrs. Mornway's name a silence fell between the two men, and the Governor moved uneasily in his chair.

"You are not advising me to chuck Fleetwood because the *Spy* is going to accuse me of having sold him his first appointment?" he said at length.

Shackwell drew a deep breath. "You say yourself that Mrs. Mornway gave you the same advice this afternoon."

"Well, what of that? Do you imagine that my wife distrib—" The Governor broke off with an exasperated laugh.

Shackwell, leaning against the mantelpiece, looked down into the embers. "I didn't say the *Spy* meant to accuse you of having sold the office."

Mornway stood up slowly, his eyes on his friend's averted face. The ashes dropped from his cigar, scattering a white trail across the carpet which had excited Mrs. Nimick's envy.

"The office is in my gift. If I didn't sell it, who did?" he demanded.

Shackwell laid a hand on his arm. "For Heaven's sake, John—"

"Who did, who did?" the Governor violently repeated.

The two men faced each other in the closely curtained silence of the dim, luxurious room. Shackwell's eyes again wandered, as if summoning the walls to reply. Then he said, "I have positive information that the *Spy* will say nothing if you don't appoint Fleetwood."

"And what will it say if I do appoint him?"

"That he bought his first appointment from your wife."

The Governor stood silent, immovable, while the blood crept slowly from his strong neck to his lowering brows. Once he laughed, then he set his lips and continued to gaze into the fire. After a while, he looked at his cigar and shook the freshly formed cone of ashes carefully upon the hearth. He had just turned again to Shackwell when the door opened and the butler announced: "Mr. Fleetwood."

The room swam about Shackwell, and when he recovered himself, Mornway, with outstretched hand, was advancing quietly to meet his guest.

Fleetwood was a smaller man than the Governor. He was erect and compact, with a face full of dry energy, which seemed to press forward with the spring of his prominent features, as though it were the weapon with which he cleared his way through the world. He was in evening dress, scrupulously appointed, but pale and nervous. Of the two men, it was Mornway who was more composed.

"I thought I should have seen you before this," he said.

Fleetwood returned his grasp and shook hands with Shackwell.

"I knew you needed to be let alone. I didn't mean to come to-night, but I wanted to say a word to you."

At this, Shackwell, who had fallen into the background, made a motion of leave-taking, but the Governor arrested it.

"We haven't any secrets from Hadley, have we, Fleetwood?"

"Certainly not. I am glad to have him stay. I have simply come to say that I have been thinking over my future arrangements, and that I find it will not be possible for me to continue in office."

There was a long pause, during which Shackwell kept his eyes on Mornway. The Governor had turned pale, but when he spoke his voice was full and firm.

"This is sudden," he said.

Fleetwood stood leaning against a high chair-back, fretting its carved ornaments with restless fingers. "It is sudden—yes. I—there are a variety of reasons."

"Is one of them the fact that you are afraid of what the *Spy* is going to say?"

The Attorney-General flushed deeply and moved away a few steps. "I'm sick of mud-throwing," he muttered.

"George Fleetwood!" Mornway exclaimed. He had advanced towards his friend, and the two stood confronting each other, already oblivious of Shackwell's presence.

"It's not only that, of course. I've been frightfully hard-worked. My health has given way—"

"Since yesterday?"

Fleetwood forced a smile. "My dear fellow, what a slave-driver you are! Hasn't a man the right to take a rest?"

"Not a soldier on the eve of battle. You have never failed me before."

"I don't want to fail you now. But it isn't the eve of battle—you're in, and that's the main thing."



Her story ended there, and she sat silent.

"The main thing at present is that you promised to stay in with me, and that I must have your real reason for breaking your word."

Fleetwood made a deprecatory movement. "My dear Governor, if you only knew it, I'm doing you a service in backing out."

"A service—why?"

"Because I'm hated—because the Lead Trust wants my blood, and will have yours, too, if you appoint me."

"Ah, that's the real reason, then—you're afraid of the *Spy*?"



"Afraid—?"

The Governor continued to speak with dry deliberation. "Evidently, then, you know what they mean to say?"

Fleetwood laughed. "One needn't do that to be sure it will be abominable."

"Who cares how abominable it is if it isn't true?"

Fleetwood shrugged his shoulders and was silent. Shackwell, from a distant seat, uttered a faint protesting sound, but no one heeded him. The Governor stood squarely before Fleetwood, his hands in his pockets. "It is true, then?" he demanded.

"What is true?"

"What the *Spy* means to say—that you bought my wife's influence to get your first appointment."

In the silence Shackwell started suddenly to his feet. A sound of carriage-wheels had disturbed the quiet street. They paused and then rolled up the semicircle to the door of the Executive Mansion.

"John!" Shackwell warned him.

The Governor turned impatiently; there was the sound of a servant's steps in the hall, followed by the opening and closing of the outer door.

"Your wife—Mrs. Mornway!" Shackwell cried.

Another step, accompanied by a soft rustle of skirts, was advancing towards the library.

"My wife? Let her come!" exclaimed the Governor.

V.

She stood before them in her bright evening dress, with an arrested brilliancy of aspect like the sparkle of a fountain suddenly caught in ice. Her look moved rapidly from one to the other; then she came forward, while Shackwell slipped behind her to close the door.

"What has happened?" she said.

Shackwell began to speak, but the Governor interposed calmly—

"Fleetwood has come to tell me that he does not wish to remain in office."

"Ah!" she murmured.

There was another silence. Fleetwood broke it by saying, "It is getting late. If you want to see me to-morrow—"

The Governor looked from his face to Ella's. "Yes, go now," he said.

Shackwell moved in Fleetwood's wake to the door. Mrs. Mornway stood with her head high, smiling slightly. She shook hands with each of the men in turn; then she moved towards the sofa and laid aside her shining cloak. All her gestures were calm and noble, but as she raised her hand to unclasp the cloak her husband uttered a sudden exclamation.

"Where did you get that bracelet? I don't remember it."

"This?" She looked at him with astonishment.

"It belonged to my mother. I don't often wear it."

"Ah—I shall suspect everything now," he groaned.

He turned away and flung himself with bowed head in the chair behind his writing-table. He wanted to collect himself, to question her, to get to the bottom of the hideous abyss over which his imagination hung. But what was the use? What did the facts matter? He had only to put his memories together—they led him straight to the truth. Every incident of the day seemed to point a leering finger in the same direction, from Mrs. Nimick's allusion to the imported damask curtains to Gregg's confident appeal for rehabilitation.

"If you imagine that my wife distributes patronage—" he heard himself repeating in vain, and the walls seemed to reverberate with the laughter which his sister and Gregg had suppressed. He heard Ella rise from the sofa and lifted his head sharply.

"Sit still!" he commanded. She sank back without speaking, and he hid his face again. The past months, the past years, were dancing a witches' dance about him. He remembered a hundred significant things. . . . "Oh, God," he cried to himself, "if only she does not lie about it!" Suddenly he recalled having pitied Mrs. Nimick because she could not penetrate to the essence of his happiness. Those were the very words he had used! He heard himself laugh aloud. The clock struck—it went on striking interminably. At length he heard his wife rise again and say with sudden authority, "John, you must speak."

Authority—she spoke to him with authority! He laughed again, and through his laugh he heard the senseless rattle of the words, "If you imagine that my wife distributes patronage. . . ."

He looked up haggardly and saw her standing before him. If only she would not lie about it! He said, "You see what has happened?"

"I suppose someone has told you about the *Spy*."

"Who told you? Gregg?" he interposed.

"Yes," she said quietly.

"That was why you wanted—?"

"Why I wanted you to help him? Yes."

"Oh, God! . . . He wouldn't take money?"

"No, he wouldn't take money."

He sat silent, looking at her, noting with a morbid minuteness the exquisite finish of her dress, that finish which seemed so much a part of herself that it had never before struck him as a merely purchasable accessory. He knew so little what a woman's dresses cost! For a moment he lost himself in vague calculations; finally he said, "What did you do it for?"

"Do what?"

"Take money from Fleetwood."

She paused a moment and then said, "If you will let me explain—"

And then he saw that, all along, he had thought she would be able to disprove it! A smothering blackness closed in on him, and he had a physical struggle for breath. Then he forced himself to his feet and said, "He was your lover?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she cried with conviction. He hardly knew whether the shadow lifted or deepened; the fact that he instantly believed her seemed only to increase his bewilderment. Presently he found that she was still speaking, and he began to listen to her, catching a phrase now and then through the deafening clamour of his thoughts.

It amounted to this—that just after her husband's first election, when Fleetwood's claims for the Attorney-

Generalship were being vainly pressed by a group of his political backers, Mrs. Mornway had chanced to sit next to him once or twice at dinner. One day, on the strength of these meetings, he had called and asked her frankly if she would not help him with her husband. He had made a clean breast of his past, but had said that, under a man like Mornway, he felt he could wipe out his political sins and purify himself while he served the party. She knew the party needed his brains, and she believed in him—she was sure he would keep his word. She would have spoken in his favour in any case—she would have used all her influence to overcome her husband's prejudice—and it was by a mere accident that, in the course of one of their talks, he happened to give her a "tip" (his past connections were still useful for such purposes), a "tip" which, in the first invading pressure of debt after Mornway's election, she had not had the courage to refuse. Fleetwood had made some money for her—yes, about thirty thousand dollars. She had repaid what he had loaned her, and there had been no further transactions of the kind between them. But it appeared that Gregg, before his dismissal, had got hold of an old cheque-book, which gave a hint of the story, and had pieced the rest together with the help of a clerk in Fleetwood's office. The *Spy* was in possession of the facts, but did not mean to use them if Fleetwood was not reappointed, the Lead Trust having no personal grudge against Mornway.

Her story ended there, and she sat silent while he continued to look at her. So much had perished in the wreck of his faith that he did not attach much value to what remained. It scarcely mattered that he believed her when the truth was so sordid. There had been, after all, nothing to envy him for but what Mrs. Nimick had seen; the core of his life was as mean and miserable as his sister's. . . .

His wife rose at length, pale, but still calm. She had a kind of external dignity which she wore like one of her sumptuous dresses. It seemed as little a part of her now as the finery of which his gaze contemptuously reckoned the cost.

"John," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder.

He looked up wearily. "You had better go to bed," he interjected.

"Don't look at me in that way. I am prepared for your being angry with me—I made a dreadful mistake and must bear my punishment; any punishment you choose to inflict. But you must think of yourself first—you must spare yourself. Why should you be so horribly unhappy? Don't you see that since Mr. Fleetwood has behaved so well we are quite safe? And I swear to you I have paid back every penny of the money."

VI.

Three days later Shackwell was summoned by telephone to the Governor's office in the Capitol. There had been, in the interval, no communication between the two men, and the papers had been silent or non-committal.

In the lobby Shackwell met Fleetwood leaving the building. For a moment the Attorney-General seemed about to speak; then he nodded and passed on, leaving to Shackwell the impression of a face more than ever thrust forward like a weapon.

The Governor sat behind his desk in the clear autumn sunlight. In contrast to Fleetwood he seemed relaxed and untroubled, and the face he turned to his friend had a grey look of convalescence. Shackwell wondered, with a start of apprehension, if he and Fleetwood could have been together.

He relieved himself of his overcoat without speaking, and when he turned again toward Mornway he was surprised to find the latter watching him with a smile.

"It's good to see you, Hadley," the Governor said.

"I waited to be sent for; I knew you'd let me know when you wanted me," Shackwell replied.

"I didn't send for you on purpose. If I had, I might have asked your advice, and I didn't want to ask anybody's advice but my own. The Governor spoke steadily, but in a voice a trifle too well disciplined to be natural. "I've had a three days' conference with myself," he continued, "and now that everything is settled I want you to do me a favour."

"Yes?" Shackwell assented. The private issues of the affair were still wrapped in mystery to him, but he had never had a moment's doubt as to its public solution, and he had no difficulty in conjecturing the nature of the service he was to render. His heart ached for Mornway, but he was glad the inevitable step was to be taken without further delay.

"Everything is settled," the Governor repeated, "and I want you to notify the Press that I have decided to reappoint Fleetwood."

Shackwell bounded from his seat. "Good heavens!" he ejaculated.

"To reappoint Fleetwood," the Governor repeated, "because at the present juncture of affairs he is the only man for the place. The work we began together is not finished, and I can't finish it without him. Remember the vistas opened by the Lead Trust investigation—he knows where they lead and no one else does. We must put that inquiry through, no matter what it costs us, and that is why I have sent for you to take this letter to the *Spy*."

Shackwell's hand drew back from the proffered envelope.

"You say you don't want my advice, but you can't expect me to go on such an errand with my eyes shut. What on earth are you driving at? Of course, Fleetwood will persist in refusing."

Mornway smiled. "He did persist—for three hours. But when he left here just now he had given me his word to accept."

Shackwell groaned. "Then I am dealing with two madmen instead of one."

The Governor laughed. "My poor Hadley, you're worse than I expected. I thought you would understand me."

"Understand you? How can I, in Heaven's name, when I don't understand the situation?"

"The situation—the situation?" Mornway repeated slowly. "Whose? His or mine? I don't either—I haven't had time to think of them."

"What on earth have you been thinking of, then?"

The Governor rose, with a gesture toward the window, through which, below the sharp slope of the Capitol grounds, the roofs and steeples of the city spread their smoky mass to the mild air.

"Of all that is left," he said. "Of everything except Fleetwood and myself."

"Ah!" Shackwell murmured.

Mornway turned back and sank into his seat. "Don't you see that was all I had to turn to? The State—the country—it's big enough, in all conscience, to fill a good deal of a void! My own walls had grown too cramped for me, so I just stepped outside. You have no idea how it simplified matters at once. All I had to do was to say to myself, 'Go ahead, and do the best you can for the country.' The personal issue simply didn't exist."

"Yes—and then?"

"Then I turned over for three days this question of the Attorney-Generalship. I couldn't see that it was changed—how should my feelings have affected it? Fleetwood hasn't betrayed the State. There isn't a scar on his public record—he's still the best man I can find. My business is to appoint the best man I can find, and I can't find any one as good as Fleetwood."

"But—but—your wife?" Shackwell stammered.

The Governor looked up with surprise. Shackwell could almost have sworn that he had indeed forgotten the private issue.

"My wife is ready to face the consequences," he said.

Shackwell returned to his former attitude of incredulity.

"But Fleetwood? Fleetwood has no right to sacrifice—"

"To sacrifice my wife to the State? Oh, let us beware of big words. Fleetwood was inclined to use them at first, but I managed to restore his sense of proportion. I showed him that our private lives are only a few feet square anyhow, and that really, to breathe freely, one must get out of them into the open." He paused and broke out with sudden violence, "My God, Hadley, don't you see that Fleetwood had to obey me?"

"Yes—I see that," said Shackwell, with reviving obstinacy. "But if you've reached such a height and pulled him up to your side, it seems to me that from that standpoint you ought to get an even clearer view of the madness of your position. You say you have decided to sacrifice your own feelings and your wife's—though I'm not so sure of your right to dispose of her voice in the matter; but what if you sacrifice the party and the State as well, in this transcendental attempt to distinguish between private and public honour? You'll have to answer that before you can get me to carry this letter."

The Governor did not blanch under the attack.

"I think the letter will answer you," he said calmly.

"The letter?"

"Yes. It's something more than a notification of Fleetwood's reappointment." Mornway paused and looked steadily at his friend. "You're afraid of an investigation—an impeachment? Well, the letter anticipates that."

"How, in Heaven's name?"

"By a plain statement of the facts. My wife has told me that she did borrow of Fleetwood. He speculated for her and made a considerable sum, out of which she repaid his loan. The *Spy*'s accusation is true. If it can be proved that my wife induced me to appoint Fleetwood, it may be argued that she sold him the appointment. But it can't be proved, and the *Spy* won't waste its breath in trying to, because my statement will take the sting out of its innuendoes. I propose to anticipate its attack by setting forth the facts in its columns, and asking the public to decide between us. On one side is the private fact that my wife, without my knowledge, borrowed money from Fleetwood just before I appointed him to an important post; on the other side is his public record and mine. I want people to see both sides and judge between them, not in the red glare of a newspaper denunciation, but in the plain daylight of common-sense. Charges against the private morality of a public man are usually made in such a blare of headlines and cloud of mud-throwing that the voice he lifts up in his defence cannot make itself heard. In this case I want the public to hear what I have to say before the yelping begins. My letter will take the wind out of the *Spy*'s sails, and if the verdict goes against me the case will have been decided on its own merits, and not at the dictation of the writers of scare heads. Even if I don't gain my end it will be a good thing, for once, for the public to consider dispassionately how far a private calamity should be allowed to affect a career of public usefulness, and the next man who goes through what I am undergoing may have cause to thank me, if no one else does."

Shackwell sat silent for a moment, with the ring of the last words in his ears.

Suddenly he rose and held out his hand. "Give me the letter," he said.

The Governor caught him up with a kindling eye. "It's all right, then? You see, and you'll take it."

Shackwell met his glance with one of melancholy interrogation. "I think I see a magnificent suicide, but it's the kind of way I shouldn't mind dying myself."

He pulled himself silently into his coat and put the letter into one of its pockets, but as he was turning to the door the Governor called after him cheerfully: "By the way, Hadley, aren't you and Mrs. Shackwell giving a big dinner to-morrow?"

Shackwell paused with a start. "I believe we are. Why?"

"Because, if there is room for two more, my wife and I would like to be invited."

Shackwell nodded his assent and turned away without answering. As he came out of the lobby into the clear sunset radiance he saw a victoria drive up the long sweep to the Capitol and pause before the central portico. He descended the steps, and Mrs. Mornway leaned from her furs to greet him.

"I have called for my husband," she said smiling. "Can you tell me if anyone is with him? He promised to get away in time for a little turn in the Park before dinner."

THE END.



# OUR LATEST ROYAL VISITOR, THE KING OF GREECE.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOKKOEK.



HIS MAJESTY GEORGE, KING OF THE HELLENES.

The King of Greece is the second son of the King of Denmark. He was called to the throne on June 13, 1904, after the death of King George I, and began to reign on October 31 of the same year. He was before his accession known as Prince William, but was called George on assuming the Hellenic Crown.



## AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

We do not often meet persons who have heard much about the mysterious Comte de St. Germain of the eighteenth century. He was the prototype of these wonderful heroes of novels, whose origin is unknown, whose age is to be reckoned by centuries at least, whose jewels are uncommonly fine, and whose "swagger" would have vexed Dame Quickly. Of St. Germain it is certain that he was of unknown origin, and somewhat smacked of the Spanish Jew, being, as was supposed, the offspring of a financier and an ex-Queen of Spain. He was in England in the Forty-Five; his society was cultivated by Louis XV.; he was employed, vainly, on a diplomatic mission; he had abundance of diamonds and rubies; and he used to talk as if he remembered all the famous characters of popular history.

Somebody sends me the *Theosophic Gleaner* (Bombay) containing secret information about the Count from that authentic source, Madame Blavatsky. "He was a pupil of Egyptian and Indian hierophants." He is not dead! He is working in the interests of the "Great White Lodge"; but nothing seems to come of his intentions, which, like those of Mr. Wilkins Micawber junior, "are excellent, but are never carried out in any one direction." He is "ready to die for truth," but can he die? I doubt it.

About 1870 he was taking great pains to keep himself alive: he appears to have aged about ten years between 1710 and 1870. I am not quoting the *Theosophic Gleaner*, but evidence at first hand from an American lady who knew him. She was at Nice, when a young girl, in 1869-1874, where she knew the Comte de M—. He can have been nobody but St. Germain: he had all the marks of that hero, and wore rouge, powder, and a high corset under his coat—a kind of mystic Major Pendennis. Many very old ladies, Russian, Italian, and French, remembered him in their earliest youth—say about the date of Waterloo. They declared that he was unaltered in appearance. In 1750 old ladies said the same of St. Germain, so he had looked aged about 1700. He spoke many languages, this Comte de M—, and talked about ancient historical characters as if he had known them. He said that he "was thinking across the ages," "thinking of the old 'uns," like Mrs. Gummidge. He sought the society of children, and made them many pretty presents. A carriage of his own always attended him. Every three hours he drove off in it "to refresh the machine," to eat in solitude. He gave very freely to charities, and was managed by a secretary: on a sign from this man he withdrew from any company in which he might be at the moment. For eight months in the year he vanished out of society, going to his *château*. Where that palace was, nobody knew. Perhaps it was in the *Unterland* of Tibet? In July and August he haunted Homburg; January and February saw him at Nice. Madame G. de V., a very old lady, said that the Comte had been an intimate friend of her grandfather.

Manifestly this gentleman was St. Germain. Who else could he be? He changed his jewels three times every day, and St. Germain had jewels galore. I never heard that Saint Germain did anything in particular, except fail in a diplomatic mission. The Comte de M— did even less than that. It does not appear that he is a useful member of the Great White Lodge. His can hardly be called a well-spent life, but the American lady's account of him is curious enough to be worth preserving.

How the whirligig of time brings round his revenges! The *Quarterly Review* crowns Mr. Swinburne with abundant laurels, and after all that Mr. Swinburne has written concerning the *Quarterly* and its contributors, he is enrolled in the band of which Scott was an industrious member. Forty years ago things were not thus, but otherwise. I come across the poet's "Song of Italy" (1867), and find a number of "opinions of the Press" bound up with it. There had been great turmoil in 1866 over "Poems and Ballads," which Messrs. Moxon published and withdrew. The extracts from the Press show what journals backed Mr. Swinburne in the battle of words. There was *Fraser's Magazine*, edited by Mr. Froude. There were the *Scottsman*, the *Examiner*, and the *Stirling Journal*. The first periodical remarked, with Presbyterian glee, that "Mr. Swinburne would dance in a cathedral." Probably he never yielded to the mysterious temptation to dance in a cathedral. The Dean could not countenance such a performance, for the days of the Abbot of Unreason have departed. The *Reader* was more decorously friendly. Of this journal, which died young, the story ran that its end was hastened thus: Somebody published a new edition of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. The *Reader's* reviewer fiercely attacked the Preface as a most unworthy and maudlin piece of modern work. Now, the Preface was that of Dr. Johnson himself! It was time for the *Reader* to go, and it went.

The *Philadelphia Age and Dispatch* were among the backers of the young poet, also the *Birmingham Journal*, which alluded to Tennyson as "an emaciated laureate." These were fierce old times. The *Brooklyn Union* placed Mr. Swinburne far above Byron and "Tom Moore," which perhaps he did not reckon a great compliment. The *Beilage zur Zukunft* was most encouraging, so were the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Examiner*, the *Stirling Advertiser*, and the *Sunday Times*. On the whole, the poet had "great allies"; whereas Keats and Coleridge had few backers in their own days, when politics coloured almost all literary criticisms. Coleridge's thin pamphlet of immortal poems was said to contain but one fragment good enough for the Poets' Corner of a country newspaper, or but one better than the usual furniture of the Corner. That verdict was given in the *Edinburgh Review*, which was Whig, whereas Coleridge was a kind of Tory. Nobody appears to have been surprised, perhaps not even Coleridge himself. Such was the custom of the country.

## CHESS.

J. W. HAYNES (Winchester).—We never received the paper in question, but if it contained any political allusions of the nature you specify, we could not have used it.

BLACK KNIGHT.—Has our notice regarding the publication of your problem escaped your attention?

E. J. PUGLASE (Bristol).—Both versions are correct, but the first move renders the problem too easy for publication.

Mrs. W. J. HAIRD.—Yes.

H. O. K. MURKIN (Croydon).—Safely to hand.

P. N. HARRIS (Dhar, India).—Yes.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3107 and 3108 received from Fred Long (Santiago); of No. 3201 from Laurent Changuion (Vredenburg, Cape Colony); of No. 3205 from P. N. HARRIS (Dhar, India); of No. 3206 from F. B. Smith (Atlanta, U.S.A.); of No. 3207 from Emile Fraa (Lyons); J. Holleman (Kampen, Holland); and G. Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3208 from J. Brown (Edinburgh); Eugene Henry (Lewisham); W. H. K. Kerry (Wimborne); Emile Frau, John Matheson (Glasgow), and H. S. Brandreth (Winchester); of No. 3209 from F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill); T. Roberts; A. F. Brophy; G. Collins (Hargess Hill); Albert Wolf (Putney); W. J. Heane (Sunhead); John Matheson (Glasgow); J. D. Tucker (Ilkley); Joseph Semk (Prague); W. H. K. Kerry (Wimborne); Joseph Cook, D. Newton (Lisbon); Rev. A. M. Heddell; A. W. Hamilton-Gell (Exeter); Carl Zander (Hamburg); A. Belcher (Wycombe); Emile Frau (Lyons); J. Denys Drew (Starcross); G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham); A. Young (Edinburgh); D. Weir (Fivemiletown); A. G. Ragot (Dublin); F. S. Brandreth (Hilfax); Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); Mrs. Dorothy Epton (Higham); G. W. Hawkins (Rainhill); J. Brown (Edinburgh); Eugene Henry (Lewisham); C. E. Perugini, E. Lummoore (Westgate-on-Sea); J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham); Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth); A. Nathanson (Hamburg); E. G. Keady (Wrexham); J. Holleman (Kampen); Thomas Charton (Clapham Park); and Café Glacier (Marseilles).

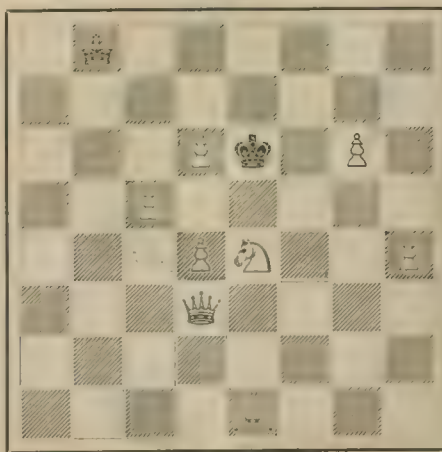
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3210 received from Scenic, Philip Daly (Brighton); P. A. Hancock (Bristol); Charles Burnett, H. J. Plumb (Sandhurst); Sorrento, F. Henderson (Leeds); H. S. Brandreth (Weybridge); E. G. Keady (Wrexham); Shadforth, Albert Wolf (Putney); A. Belcher (Wycombe); J. D. Tucker (Ilkley); Victor Rogers (Strattham); R. Worters (Canterbury); J. W. Haynes (Winchester); Joseph Wilcock (Shrewsbury); J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham); G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham); and P. Nabury (Liverpool).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3209.—By Mrs. W. J. HAIRD.

WHITE. BLACK.  
1. K to Qth. Any move  
2. R to P-mates.

PROBLEM No. 3212. By ROBIN H. LEGG.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.  
Game played between Messrs. A. W. DANIEL and E. G. RODWAY in the British Chess Correspondence Tournament.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. D.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	16. K to Q 2nd	K to Q 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	17. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th
3. K to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	18. K to K 2nd	P to Q R 4th
4. K to R 3rd	P to K 3rd	19. K to Q 4th	K to K 2nd
5. Where it remains: a life-spectator of that follows. The defence is not often seen, and cannot be considered a good one.		20. R to K 5th	K to Q 4th
6. P to K 3rd	K to K 3rd	21. B to K 2nd	K to K 5th
7. P to K 5th (ch)	P to B 3rd	22. Q to K 3rd	Q takes K 3rd
8. P to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	23. K takes Kt	Q takes Kt
9. Castles		24. Q to R 4th	R to R 2nd
10. K to K 5th	B to K 2nd	25. R to K 2nd	P to Q Kt 5th
11. P to B 4th	P to K Kt 3rd	26. P to K Kt 4th	Q to K 2nd
12. R to B 3rd	K to K 3rd	27. P takes P	Q takes P
13. Q to R 2nd	P to K 3rd	28. P takes P	Q takes P
14. Q to K 3rd	Q to K 2nd	29. B to K 4th	K to Q 6th (ch)
15. R to R 3rd	B takes Kt	30. B takes Q	K to B 6th (ch)
16. Q takes B		31. K to B 2nd	K takes Q
		32. K to K 6th	Resigns.

CHESS IN GERMANY.  
Game played at Barmen between Messrs. HERSTIN and BARDELEBEN (Ray Lopez).

WHITE (Mr. Herstein)	BLACK (Mr. Bardeleben)	WHITE (Mr. Herstein)	BLACK (Mr. Bardeleben)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. K to R 4th	Q takes P
2. K to K 3rd	K to Q 3rd	16. K to R 4th	P to B 3rd
3. B to K 4th	P to Q 3rd	17. K to R 4th	P to B 3rd
4. B to R 4th	P to Q 3rd	18. Q to R 4th	K to Q 2nd
5. B takes Kt (ch)		19. K to R 4th	K to B 4th
6. P to Q 4th	P takes B	20. Q to Q 4th	Q to Q 4th
7. K takes P	B to Q 2nd	21. P to R 3rd	P to B 3rd
8. K to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	22. P to B 4th	Q to Q 4th
9. Castles	B to K 2nd	23. P takes P	P takes P
10. P to Q Kt 3rd	Castles	24. K to K 2nd	Q to R 4th
11. B to K 2nd	R to K 3rd	25. K to R 2nd	R to B 2nd
12. Q to Q 3rd	B to B 3rd	26. K takes P	B to K 2nd
13. A strong move that ought to maintain at the very least an equality of position.		27. K takes P (ch)	
14. K to K 2nd	P to Q 4th		
15. P takes P	P takes P		
16. K to K 3rd			

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

Mr. F. E. Beddard, of the Zoological Society of London, has recently drawn attention to the fact that the rudimentary hind-limbs present in certain snakes afford characters, in the case of some members of the Boa family at least, serving to distinguish the one sex of snake from the other. The mere fact that in certain species of snakes these vestiges of hind-limbs occur, is in itself of interest. They clearly indicate to us that our snakes are the descendants of reptiles which possessed legs. No existing snake has any traces of fore-limbs, so that, having regard to the fact that the typical number of legs in back-boned animals is four, we may conclude that while the fore-legs have entirely vanished, the remnants of the hind-limbs are retained in some species of serpents. In these vestigial limbs we find a thigh-bone represented, and also traces of the haunch-bones, to which in all vertebrates, of course, the hinder limbs are attached.

But snakes are not the only animals which exhibit the possession of rudimentary hinder-limbs. In the whale-tribe we see no evidence externally of hind-limbs. The fore-limbs in them are converted into the "flippers," or swimming-paddles. Yet when the skeleton is examined, traces of a haunch and attached rudimentary thigh-bones are found. There is developed in certain kinds of whales a very obvious bony piece representing the haunch; the thigh-bone is distinct enough, but there is a mere rudiment attached to it, and representing the shin-bone or tibia of other animals. Here again, Nature conveys to us the plain suggestion of the origin of the whales from animals which were duly provided with four limbs. Our whales of to-day represent, in this view of things, the last developments of a group which, springing originally from land-ancestors (the whales are warm-blooded and breathe by lungs), gradually became modified and altered to suit them for the aquatic existence they lead to-day.

It may be known to many readers that one of the most difficult problems awaiting solution by science is that which concerns the exact causes to which the "variation" of living beings is due. Needless to say, it is this variation which lies at the root of all evolutionary change. The probability is that a multitude of causes operate in the production of the changes which animal and plant species exhibit. Among them the influence of food must be regarded as of great importance. Nor is this idea unsupported by evidence, and one might legitimately enough suppose that the feeding of an animal or plant is bound to effect changes of definite kind in the constitution of the living being according as food is scarce or plentiful, and according as it may vary in kind and quality.

Lately, M. Arnold Picet published in the *Transactions of the Physical and Natural History Society of Geneva* a memoir on the variation in certain members of the butterfly order which are produced by altered or varying conditions of life—in a word, by the environment. Changes in colour appeal strongly to the eye, and can be traced with relative ease. M. Picet says that such influences as light, temperature, food, dryness, humidity, and even electricity, all exercise distinct effects in inducing colour-changes. These range from the alteration of red into yellow, and finally into white, and, on the other hand, include changes from red into brown and finally into black. M. Picet finds that, if the food-plant of the caterpillars is difficult of digestion, the tendency is towards a lightening of the colour. Insufficient food of the natural kind also exercises a like effect. On the other hand, easily digested food and rich diet increase the pigmentation, and develop the darker tints. The author also suggests that the effects thus produced may be handed on to succeeding generations.

The Congress on Tuberculosis recently held at Paris may be regarded as having served the useful purpose of a general Council, at which medical men from all countries expressed their views and opinions regarding both the cure of the ailment and the means to be adopted for its prevention. Dr. George Ogilvie of London, summed up the question of the inheritance of the disease in a terse paper. He pointed out that the disease was not itself inherited, but that children of tuberculous parents possessed a constitution such as renders them more liable to infection by the germs of the disease than are the children of healthy parentage. This sums up the existing state of our knowledge of inheritance as regards tuberculosis in a very succinct fashion. When we become attacked, we are really infected from without. It is the case of "the soil and the seed" over again. If the body is healthy, it represents a barren soil in which the seeds or germs cannot find a lodgment, and die. Ill-health or weakness, on the other hand, prepares the soil for the favourable reception of the microbes, and so the disease is evolved.

I referred some time ago in this column to the fact that, while a certain amount of success had been passed on the sanatorium treatment of consumption, that criticism had left the value of the "less arduous" system of cure beyond doubt. Even if Dr. Behring's serum be perfected, that mode of cure will not supersede the necessity for careful feeding and for a life in the open air, such as constitute the chief details of the sanatorium method. Many years ago I read a paper by Dr. Felix Oswald of America in which he noted the fact that an escaped monkey had successfully wintered out of doors, and frost and snow appeared to be no more to the animal than the sun and rain were to the human. I read now of experiments made in the Manchester "Zoo" by way of acclimatising "drill" baboons to an open-air existence. Other and higher species of apes are also being successfully kept in open cages in all weathers, having an arrangement for sleeping provided in the cages themselves. I have that the only condition necessary to the success of the experiment is that the food and treatment is applicable to the phases of life that these wild creatures include human diseases only. ANDREW WILSON.



## THE QUEEN'S APPEAL FOR THE UNEMPLOYED: A FARMING EXPERIMENT IN SUFFOLK.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARKE AND HYDE

THE relief of the unemployed, for which Queen Alexandra has just made a public appeal, has perhaps never been so effectually tackled as at

be taught farming at the Bay; and the same accommodation which was given to them is now enjoyed by the unemployed. After the strictest inquiry, a

again; but, if unsuccessful, he may again apply for another month at Hollesley Bay, and so on. While he is at the colony he is employed in work to



FARM HOUSES AT HOLLESLEY BAY, WHERE THE UNEMPLOYED ARE SENT BY THE MANSION HOUSE COMMITTEE.



FARMS OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE MANSION HOUSE UNEMPLOYED FUND.



FORMER UNEMPLOYED AT WORK ON THE FARM.



TREADING-IN ONIONS ON THE FARM.

present; not that the existing organisation is anything but a drop towards the sea of reform that is needed, but it is a distinct advance in anything before attempted. Various labour colonies have been started about the country, and the working of the farm-colony at Hollesley Bay, in Suffolk, is interesting as showing the organisation existing on these relief-works. The farm, which was opened up to train the unemployed for colonial and farm life and to find work for those who, unfortunately, were out of work, is situated eight miles from the nearest station, eight miles across a great heath without the sign of a living soul, the solitude being relieved only by the scamper of the rabbits or the cry of some bird as it starts up at one's approach and wheels away seawards, evidently frightened by so unusual a sight as man.

If ever a tired, unfortunate London derelict was likely to regain his lost health and strength, he should do so at Hollesley Bay, for it is not only far in the country, away from every disturbing element, but it is within a few yards of the Suffolk coast. The

which he is accustomed if possible, and the organisation is practically self-supplying in every detail. Smiths' shops to repair the farm tools and appliances, carpenters' shops, painters' shops, etc., are in full working order. Some of the men elect to be put on general farm-work; in fact, the greater proportion are thus employed, and a few will probably emigrate to the Colonies or return to the land in this country. All those at Hollesley Bay are married men, and during their stay their wives are paid a sum averaging about fourteen shillings per week; while the men are given sixpence a week for stamps and little incidentals. Every provision is made for healthy recreation after their day's work, and there are well-fitted reading-rooms, various games, including small billiard-tables, and other appliances for indulging in interesting pastimes. Of course, the help of the unemployed by such colonies as this is, at the best, ineffectual, and there can be no lasting solution of the unemployed question by such a means; yet as half a loaf is better than no bread, these



LANDSCAPE GARDENING: SIX WEEKS' WORK OF THE UNEMPLOYED.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE FARM BUILDINGS.

buildings occupied by the unemployed are healthy and sanitary; in fact, the whole of the large farm and its buildings used to be a colonial training-college for gentlemen's sons, who paid a goodly yearly charge to

man will be sent down to the Suffolk farm, which is being worked by the Central Committee of the Unemployed of London, and he is kept for a month, being then sent back to London to look for work

schemes must be looked upon as better than nothing, and no doubt many poor souls have blessed Hollesley Bay Colony. But such help is, after all, temporary, and can only be extended to the few.



## WITH PEN AND CAMERA AT HOME AND ABROAD



RICE-CULTIVATION IN ITALY: GATHERING THRESHED RICE INTO MOUNDS.

## RICE-GROWING IN ITALY.

ALL who have enjoyed *risotto* in any of its varied forms in Italy must realise that the Italians are masters of the art of cooking rice, and note that one city vies with another in sending it to table in the most appetising form. But few people know that the rice is not only cooked to perfection in Italy, but is also grown there over large areas of marshy land. Rice-growing tends to become a thriving industry, and helps in many districts to solve the food problem of an industrious and thrifty people. If they have the necessary means, Italians

THE RICE HARVEST IN ITALY: BULLOCK-CARTS LOADED WITH RICE FOR THRESHING.

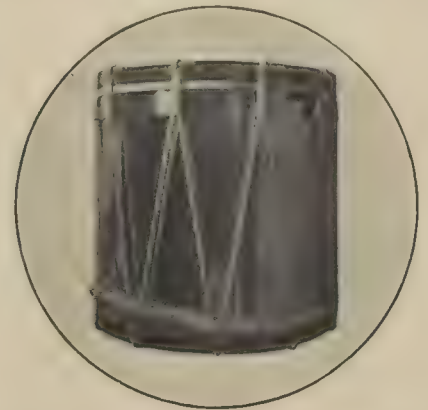
## THE DRAKE DRUM.

THE men and women of Devonshire have presented to H.M. Cruiser *Devon* a reproduction in solid silver of the famous drum carried by Sir Francis Drake on board the *Pelican* on his journey round the world in the years 1577-1580. The copy was made by Messrs Page, Keen, and Page, Plymouth, from the original drum, now in possession of Sir Francis Drake, of Buckland Abbey, near Plymouth. The model stands 17½ inches high, and is 16 inches in diameter. The body is of plain polished silver, bearing the Drake coat-of-arms on one



KING ALFONSO IN BERLIN: THE KAISER AND THE KING OF SPAIN IN THE COURT OF THE PALACE BEFORE THE SWEARING-IN OF RECRUITS.

Stereograph Copyright by Underwood and Underwood.



DRAKE'S DRUM, PRESENTED TO H.M.S. "DEVONSHIRE": THE INSCRIPTION.

DRAKE'S DRUM: THE REPLICA PRESENTED BY THE COUNTY OF DEVON TO H.M.S. "DEVONSHIRE."

always take wine with rice, while they are content to take water with macaroni. "Rice," they say, "is grown in water, and must be eaten with wine."

## UP THE PYRENEES BY RAIL.

THE first mountain railway (cog-wheel) up a Pyrenean summit has been projected from Vernet-les-Bains to the top of the Canigou, the most imposing height in that chain. The Canigou is 9135 feet above the level of the sea, and the view from the summit towards the Mediterranean extends from Barcelona to Cette, a distance of about a hundred miles. The scenery is curiously reminiscent of the wilder parts of North Devon.



THE MOUNTAINEERING ACCIDENT ON KINCHENJUNGA: THE MONUMENT.

## THE FATAL ACCIDENT ON KINCHENJUNGA.

OUR illustrations show the place at which the accident befell the Kinchenjunga Expedition in September last, and the grave of Lieutenant Alexis Pache. The unfortunate officer, accompanied by Dr. Jacot-Guillarmod, M. Rigo de Righi, and three natives, all the company being roped together—left Camp V, on the Kinchenjunga to descend to Camp III, for the night. The natives slipped on bad ground and fell, dragging down M. de Righi and the Doctor, and starting an avalanche. The natives and the Lieutenant perished.



THE ROUTE OF THE FIRST COG-WHEEL RAILWAY IN THE PYRENEES: VERNET-LES-BAINS.



THE SCENE OF THE MOUNTAINEERING ACCIDENT ON KINCHENJUNGA.



## GAETIES AND NATIVE POLITICS IN INDIA.



LADY CURZON AS BERENGARIA, WITH HER PAGES AND ATTENDANTS.



MRS. G. F. WILSON AS QUEEN ELIZABETH, WITH HER COURT.

## LADY CURZON'S FANCY-DRESS BALL.

AMONG the splendid entertainments that the Viceregal Lodge at Simla has seen during the Vice-

royalty of Lord Curzon, few can vie with the fancy-dress ball given by Lady Curzon in the first week of October. We publish photographs that hint at the splendours of a scene not to be forgotten readily by those who took part in it. All the guests were invited to assume historical dress and to present men or women who have graced the pages of history in times recent or remote. Lady Curzon was seen at her best as Berengaria of Navarre, the beautiful wife of Richard Cœur de Lion. For pages she had her little daughters, the Hon. Irene and Hon. Cynthia Curzon. Many of the other costumes were remarkable at once for their taste and beauty, and the Viceregal Lodge has never seen a more striking picture in all its splendid history that that offered by the ball-room on Oct. 5. In our second illustration the names of the guests, reading from left to right, show the following gentlemen in the back row: Colonel G. F. Wilson as Sir Walter Raleigh, Captain Bond and Major Holland Pryor as Yeomen of the Guard, Captain Calvert, Captain Manson, and Mr. Gover as Archers of the Guard, Major Bingley and Mr. Macfarlane as Yeomen of the Guard, and Dr. Walker as Sir Philip Sidney. The second row shows Mrs. Kenny as the Countess of Derby, Captain Mar Johnson as Lord Sheffield, and Mrs. Buller as the Lady Paget, Mrs. Capper as Duchess of Rutland, Mrs. Selater as Countess of Monmouth, Major Turner as the Earl of Leicester, Mrs. Mar Johnson as Lady Warwick, and Miss Manson as Amy Robsart. The front row

presents Colonel Kenny as Earl of Essex, Mr. Shadbolt as Lord Burleigh, Mrs. G. F. Wilson as Queen Elizabeth, Colonel Capper as Lord Howard of Effingham, and General Mansfield as Sir Francis Walsingham. The lady in front by herself is Miss Warner



Photos: Jenkins.

THE VICEREGAL BALL AT SIMLA: LADY CURZON AS BERENGARIA, WITH HER DAUGHTERS, THE HON. IRENE AND THE HON. CYNTHIA CURZON, AS PAGES.

in the dress of a Maid of Honour. The Curzon Vice-royalty has been as remarkable on the social side as on the political side, and this is very high praise.

## THE PARTITION OF BENGAL.

PEOPLE competent to form an opinion have held that the great outcry against the partition of Bengal has not been altogether genuine. Everybody

who knows anything about the province realises that the undivided control of so vast an area can hardly be effective, and Vice-roys from Dalhousie to Curzon have realised the need for change. Lord Curzon has had the courage of his opinions, and must have been gratified by the vast gathering of Mohammedans at the Dacca Old Lines on the 20th of last month to celebrate the creation of a new Mohammedan province with prayer and thanksgiving. Dacca will be the capital of the new province, and the Nawab attended the prayer-meeting in State. There must have been twenty thousand worshippers present, and many loyal speeches were made. One orator declared that the partition was bound to benefit the Mohammedans, because in the new province they would outnumber the Hindus, who have hitherto enjoyed a practical monopoly of Government offices in Bengal. The new Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal and Assam will have time to examine many questions that press for a solution. This speech and others on similar lines were received with enthusiasm, and towards the close of the meeting prayers were offered up for the long life of the Emperor and Empress. Such a gathering as this is bound to strengthen the hands of the Government, and will help the more sober citizens of India to realise how very unwise they would be if they listened to the agitators who are, trying to arrange a trade boycott by way of protest against the partition.



Photo: Knapton.

THANKSGIVING PRAYER MEETING FOR THE PARTITION OF BENGAL: A GREAT NATIVE GATHERING AT DACCA.



## THE KING'S BIRTHDAY HONOURS.



Of the portraits in the border the Duchess of Fife has received the title of Princess Royal; Mr. Duncan, J.P. for the West Riding of Yorkshire; Mr. McFadyen, Principal of the Veterinary College, Camden Town; Mr. Fisher, Accountant and prominent citizen of Birmingham; Mr. Purvis, M.P. for Peterborough; Mr. Walter Johnson, ex-Mayor of Hackney; and Mr. Couzens, Mayor of Portsmouth, have all received knighthoods. Mr. Northcote, Chief Justice of Trinidad and Tobago, has been created a Knight Bachelor. The photographs are by Beresford, Russell, Lafayette, Elliott and Fry, Whitlock, D'Arcy, Croker, Kirk, Rosemont, Mayall, and Esmé Collings.



# THE CARNAGE IN ODESSA: ACTUAL SCENES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY RIOTS.



DIGGING GRAVES IN THE ORTHODOX CEMETERY.



A DEMONSTRATION OF REVOLUTIONISTS.



BURYING THE DEAD JEW, NICHOLAS LILIK, AT NIGHT.



REMOVAL OF A WOUNDED JEW BY THE REVOLUTIONISTS' AMBULANCE.



HONOURING A REVOLUTIONIST.



CITIZENS GOING TO THE HOSPITAL TO IDENTIFY THE DEAD.

Immediately after the publication of the Tsar's manifesto granting a Constitution, fierce rioting broke out in Odessa. The University students and pupils in the schools began one of their customary political agitations, and although these are anything but formidable, Cossacks were called in to restore order, and behaved with great brutality. Then the populace fell upon the Jews, and at least 6000 of these, men, women, and children, were killed in the disturbances. There are unpublishable tales of the most hideous atrocities, and these, it is believed, do not exaggerate the truth. It is impossible to reproduce the most terrible of the photographs we have received, but these make it perfectly evident why the Governor of Odessa begged the now nominally free Press of Russia to refrain from publishing pictures and descriptions of the massacres.



# THE VICTIMS OF THE ANTI-JEWISH RIOT IN ODESSA: DISPOSING OF THE DEAD.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY PODZICHIEFF.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, NOV. 18, 1905. 73

A ROUGH FUNERAL: CONVEYING BODIES OF JEWISH VICTIMS FROM THE HOSPITAL TO THE CEMETERY.

*The bodies of Jews who fell during the disturbances were removed by the authorities with as much haste and as little ostentation as possible. They were thrown into rough trucks, covered with cloths, and were hurried to the cemetery. The absence of coffins is, however, no mark of official disrespect, for the coffin is not used by the Russian Jews, who convey their dead to burial in boxes over which a cloth is thrown.*



## THE CARNAGE IN ODESSA: BARRICADES AND THE BURIAL OF VICTIMS.



BARRICADING THE STREETS.



BARRICADES OF TRAMCARS AND TELEPHONE WIRES.



MOUNDS MARKING THE GRAVES OF PERSONS WHO FELL DURING THE RIOTS.



A GRAVE (ONE OF SIXTEEN) TO HOLD 140 VICTIMS UNCOFFINED.



MURDERED MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY.

For four days the popular agitation against the Jews in Odessa raged with unrestrained fury, and the peaceful sections of the citizens remained in a state of siege. All shops closed and food was not to be had. Stores belonging to the Jews were sacked and goods were seized to the value of 350,000 roubles. The Committee of Public Safety took vigorous measures against the mob, and mounted guns in every street. Many members of the Committee themselves fell in the struggle.





"THE LITTLE FATHER IS WITH US": REVOLUTIONARIES BEARING THE TSAR'S PORTRAIT THROUGH THE STREETS OF ODESSA.

ENLARGEMENT FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

On the first publication of the Tsar's manifesto promising liberty to Russia, the people went almost frantic with joy, and Revolutionaries paraded the streets with songs and exultations. Very soon, however, the manifestants discovered that the hand of the Bureaucracy was still strong, and the rejoicings ended in hideous street-conflicts and in a massacre of Jews as horrible as that of Kishineff.







## THE PRINCE OF WALES AT UDAIPUR: THE CITY OF SUNRISE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE EXCLUSIVE NEWS AGENCY, AND JOHNSON AND HOFMANN.

UDAIPUR, "the city of Sunrise," stands unique among the cities of India. It is the residence and capital of the Maharana of Udaipur, who is the head of the noblest clan of the Rajputs, that

which heightens their picturesqueness. Jagmandir and Jagnewas are the names of the two palaces in Lake Pichola. They have given shelter in days of trouble to the exile and the fugitive. Jehangir,

Udaipur, but the city is full of palaces belonging to the ruler, members of the ruling family, and the chief nobles or "chakores" of the State, whose lineage is scarcely less illustrious. The noble Rajputs of

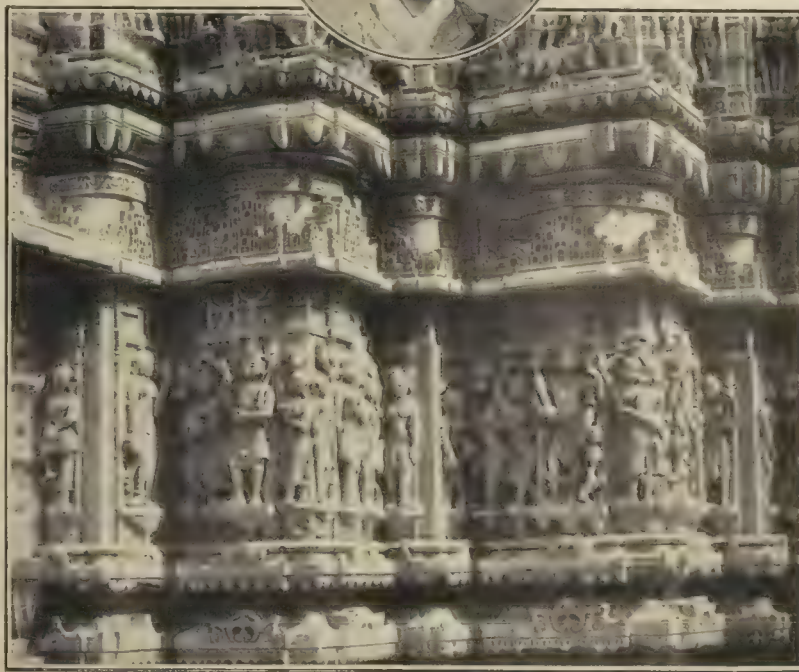


THE CELEBRATED PALACE ON THE LAKE AT UDAIPUR.



THE CITY FROM THE MAGAZINE, UDAIPUR.

of the Sesodia, and whose boast it is that they never allowed any of their Princesses to marry a Mohammedan. The Hindus regard the Maharana as the direct descendant of their national hero, Rama, and it is at least certain that this family has ruled in Rajputana since the year 144 A.D., or for more than 1760 years. Until the reign of Akbar of the Mogul dynasty, Chittor was their capital, and it was only about 1570 that Udai Singh founded Udaipur, and called it after his own name. The city, with its royal palace overlooking a romantic lake in which minor palaces had been constructed on islets, is probably the most picturesque in India. Colonel Tod, in his great work on "Rajasthan," describes the scene, how "from the palace terrace the city and the valley lie before the spectator, whose vision is bounded only by the hills shutting out the plains, while from the summit of the palace nothing obstructs its range over lake and mountain." The appearance of the city as the traveller approaches it from the east is singularly striking, and the effect is not diminished by the strange rose-tinted colour that the buildings present. The city itself is grim-looking and surrounded by a battlemented wall. Over it rise the palace and other buildings

THE  
MAHARANAOF CHOTA,  
UDAIPUR.

THE TEMPLE OF JAGANNATH, UDAIPUR.

Udaipur are "the children of the Sun," and their achievements fill the heroic tales of the Mahabharata. Indore is a very different city from that just described, and is quite a modern town, dating from about 1770. It has only been the capital of the

Holkar family, who ruled Indore in Central India since the year 1818. It is situated on the river Katki, at an elevation of about 1800 feet above the sea, and the Maharaja's palace, with a curious, lofty, many-storied gateway, is the only building of any architectural pretensions in the town. The Lal Bagh public gardens, containing a fine zoological collection, is one of the most attractive features of the town; and it may be noted that great expense has been incurred in improving the sanitary condition of Indore. It is well lighted and well drained, and the water supply is good and abundant. Another feature of Indore is the fine residence and park of the British official called the Governor-General Agent for Central India. This Residency is situated at a little distance from the native town, and is of considerable extent, including a bazaar and barracks. Indore is one of the three great Maratha States of India—the other two being Baroda and Gwalior—and the present ruling Maharaja is a boy, now being educated at the celebrated Rajkumar College, specially



A NATIVE STREET AT INDORE.



A VIEW IN INDORE.

amid verdant woods. It is as if some fairy power had let them drop on the ridge from the skies. At a certain distance from the town runs a line of fortresses, originally constructed to defend all the mountain-passes, but now sinking into decay

afterwards Emperor, found safety there, and during the storm of the Mutiny many English fugitives owed their lives to the loyalty of the Maharana, who put them in these places of security. The Temple of Jagannath is one of the principal buildings of

instituted for the Princes and nobles of Central India. The State of Indore is one of the richest for its size in India; and it may be mentioned that the cultivation of the poppy for opium manufacture contributes largely to its prosperity.



# THE MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA: SOME OF THE LATEST TYPES.

DRAWN BY W. RUSSELL FLEMING



The Beeston-Humber.

The Daimler.

The Gladiator.

The Napier.

The Arrol-Johnston.

The Argyll.

## CARS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE BY FAMOUS MAKERS.

*The cars here shown include the Princess of Wales's new Daimler, built particularly for picnic excursions. It is as far as possible of English make throughout. The Beeston-Humber is a trophy car of 16-20 h.p., four cylinders. The Napier, built for Mr. Balfour, is a 60-h.p. six-cylinder car, and the Gladiator is a 14-h.p. car. The Argyll is similar to that built for the Prince of Wales's Indian tour.*



## How Organisation Achieves Success.

THE importance of an efficient organisation, whether it be in a State, Government, or commercial enterprise, cannot be too forcibly emphasised. On the one hand, a weak management comes to grief over the slightest obstacle, whilst on the other hand, sudden and serious difficulties are successfully surmounted if the controllers are possessed of the necessary organising abilities. An apt illustration of the truth contained in this fact is afforded by an incident which occurred in the Hotel Cecil. This famous hostelry catered for a banquet which numbered 950 guests. The dinner was timed to commence at seven o'clock, but the majority of the guests were seated at the tables twenty minutes before this hour. The exalted personage who occupied the chair was ushered to his seat at 6.45. The manager, who was in attendance, realised in a flash that a quarter of an hour's wait would probably produce an effect on the guests which even the finest dinner would fail to eradicate. He hastily repaired to the *chef*, explained the situation, and inquired as to what was the earliest possible moment that the function could be commenced. "In two minutes," replied the *chef*, and he kept his word. The successful execution of such a feat was an achievement of the very highest order—only those who are intimately connected with banqueting work can fully realise to what a degree—and it unquestionably provides a significant proof that the most powerful organisation is comprised in the management which controls the largest hotel in Europe. The sponsors of the banquet in question had every reason to be grateful

for the efficiency and quick perception which made possible the successful surmounting of such a

under the impression that the Hotel Cecil, their banqueting halls, restaurant, and everything else appertaining to the hotel are possible only to millionaires. This idea, however, is a pure fallacy, and a request at any time to the management for their tariff will speedily prove how utterly erroneous it is. Further evidence of their enterprise has just been forthcoming in the recent opening of the Café Cecil, 88, Strand, and although the formal opening is of very recent date, the public have speedily shown their appreciation of the unsurpassed advantages which are offered. 'Tis true that ladies who are shopping in town or attending a matinée have an abundance of restaurants to resort to for afternoon tea, but all such resorts, with very few exceptions, are burdened with some disadvantage. If a restaurant is equipped in manner that appeals to the fastidious taste, economical charges are conspicuous by their absence; and if, on the contrary, moderate charges prevail, customers must content themselves with inferior environments, a wretched service, and a questionable quality of food. Insufficient space debars an exhaustive description of the Café Cecil. Suffice it to say that the service and appointments are consistent with the parent hotel. Visitors partaking of



Interior of Café Cecil, showing Ground Floor and Balcony.

difficulty. A subscription was opened at the dinner, and close on £40,000 was subscribed; but if the diners had been put out of humour by a tedious wait before dining, can anyone doubt that the amount raised would have fallen very far short of this sum? Some people are

afternoon teas there are spared the necessity of reaching across the table for sugar and cream, for each individual is served with a dainty tray complete with a pot of tea, hot water, sugar, and cream, and, where desired, bread and butter, at a total charge of—sixpence.

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PLATE.

PRINCE'S  
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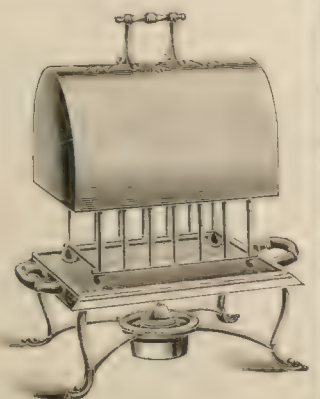
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## ARKI NOHIN.

moment of Velasquez's "Venus and Cupid" at Bond Street. One of England's important pictures since 1800, it is the only work of the master absent from the Prado, and yet material, in R. A. M. Stevenson's opinion, to a just estimate of his powers. Indeed, it is unique among his pictures, and in some respects a masterpiece among his masterpieces, although "The Spinners" and "Las Meninas" marked a greater

revolution in the practice of paint; while the bust portrait of Philip IV, in the National Gallery, is a masterpiece of the technique.

the greatest prize that can be paid to "Venus" is that all her lovely body, from shoulder to heel shows the supreme power of modelling she does that monarch's stolid cheek. But the one is merely a study of a man's head; the other in exquisitely considered arrangement of limbs and draperies, a painting of the ideal that makes Velasquez's inferior of Titian.

The first feeling on seeing "The Venus and Cupid" now cleared from old varnishings and looking as freshly fair as in the year it was painted—and that was a quarter of a century ago—is a great desire that it should be accessible, that it should be one of the treasures of the National Collection. Doubtless a high value is set by its present owners upon this canvas, and doubtless the whole question of picture prices, when they run into tens of thousands, is a formidable one in national economics; but it would be difficult to overestimate such a work when we consider that no other existing example of the Master is on the market, and how

are of his work are the private collections, and even the great galleries of Europe. If Florence has Botticelli's "Spring," Rome in Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," Paris in Leonardo's "Monna Lisa," let London add to her pride of possession this incomparable Velasquez. It would take its place among the nation's four great canvases—with the "Bacchus and Ariadne," the "Origin of the Milky Way," and such other works as are admitted masterpieces—whether Raphael or Rembrandt be the master.

are flower-like in the delicacy of their touch; her ear is the veritable rosebud of the poets; her shoulder their lily; and the lost line of her cheek is as soft as a cloud. There are other pictures, excellent examples, many of them, of the English School, in the same exhibition, which is the eleventh held by Messrs. Agnew in favour of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

The Fifteenth Exhibition of the Society of Portrait-Painters at the New Gallery reaches an unusually high

standard of merit. With a few distressing exceptions, the canvases shown here are meritorious performances, and in not a few cases are brilliant examples of—truth to tell—the rather superficial style of recent art. M. Besnard's breezy portrait of M. Frantz Jourdain is an extraordinarily animated piece of characterisation; his fellow-Parisian and fellow-exhibitor here, M. Jacques Blanche, is also notable for the extreme liveliness of his view of his sitters; they, at least, do not belong to the great company of slumberers in a studio-chair. They may be said to assume an even more than normal

briskness of action and expression when they serve as M. Blanche's models. Signor Mancini is another eminent stranger, whose work gives importance to this collection. If not as admirable as certain recent achievements, his portrait of Madame Marchesi is illuminated with his usual intense realism of lighting. Over the two early portraits by Corot of his father and mother, that hang close by, lent by the executors of Mr. J. Staats Forbes, it is difficult to be enthusiastic, for they are but laborious efforts from a brush that was later exquisitely facile. W. M.

W. M.



Photo. Taver

THE KING OF THE BELIEFS IN ENGLAND: WINDSOR CASTLE, WHERE THE KING IS ENTERTAINING HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW.

In its display of a perfect technique the "Venus and Cupid" would be unrivalled. It is a lesson in style-teaching that paint can be lovely in itself, that the word of the mere facts of light and flesh and drapery can reach great heights of beauty. The contours of this woman's body against grey stuffs hold a genius's whole appreciation of an exquisite truth, and show a genius-power in their untrammelled and unlaboured expression. The brushwork is as easy and natural as Eleonora Duse's voice upon the stage. The strokes that have invested Venus's form with rose lights and pearly shadows

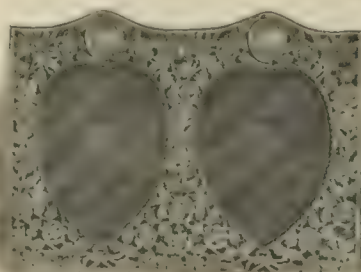
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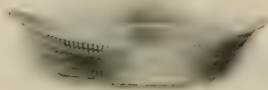
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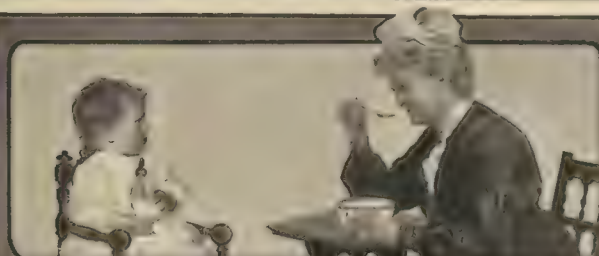
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## LADIES' PAGES.

It is interesting that so soon after I had remarked upon the Duchess of Fife's not having assumed the traditional title of the Sovereign's eldest daughter, "Princess Royal," it should have happened that H.R.H. has formally been inducted into that style and title. It has been held as a matter of course by the eldest daughter of the reigning monarch for many generations past; and it is one of which they are so justly proud that both the eldest daughter of King George III., who became Queen of Württemberg, and the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, the great but unfortunate Empress Frederick, continued to use, as perhaps their proudest title, that of "Princess Royal of Great Britain and Ireland." In a book presented as a memento by the Empress Frederick, after she had been married many years, to a friend of mine who had given her a course of instruction in a subject of which he was master, her Imperial Highness added this English style and title to her signature on the first page; and the Queen of Württemberg has that same title added to her name on her monument in Westminster Abbey. Fanny Burney tells us that the last-mentioned Princess's own mother, Queen Charlotte, used to speak to this eldest daughter by the title of "Princess Royal." The Princess, it appears, was not famous for her taste in dress: after her toilette was completed by her maids, "by the aid of art," she would usually add some stray touches that would utterly destroy the effect. But for the occasion of her own marriage, her mother, the Queen, according to Gossip Fanny, said to her, "Now, Princess Royal, for this event you really must allow me to look after your appearance." The first eldest daughter of the royal house to be commonly called by the now historic title was that daughter of Charles I. who married the Prince of Orange, and thus gave to her son, William of Orange, such right as he possessed to be later on called to our Throne, with his cousin and wife Mary, in order to secure a Protestant succession. It would surely be a pity to allow a title used through nearly three centuries to fall into abeyance, and everybody with the historic sense will be pleased that the King has inducted his eldest daughter, notwithstanding her dislike to state and ceremony, to assume the distinction that appertains to her birth.

It is quite proper, too, that her children should bear the title of "Princess"; this is a pleasing recognition of the fact that descent is not so vastly more important through the father than through the mother, as it sometimes seems to be made. Considering that if the Prince of Wales had happened to have no children, the elder of these young girls, hitherto known only as the "Ladies Duff," would have been our future Queen, it was odd that she should bear no other title than that appertaining to her father's dukedom. So rapidly does time fly that it will not be long before this eldest daughter of one whom most of us still think of as



THE POPULAR BOLERO.

*This style, so much in favour, is here shown with some novel details. The stand-up collar, cuffs, and vests are white, embroidered in colour to match the cloth. Rows of braid and tassels are also used to finish.*

herself "one of the young Princesses" will have to appear in society. Princess Alexandra of Fife will be "out" in some three years' time, and she is the King's eldest grandchild. The presence in society of relatives bearing German princely titles—such as the Princesses of Schleswig-Holstein and Battenberg, and such as the Princess of Wales's brothers' wives, one of whom is a daughter of the late Duke of Westminster—made it the more unsuitable that the Sovereign's grandchildren, the Princess Royal's daughters, should be only "Lady." The Duke of Fife's daughters, it is now ordered, are to have precedence over the younger Princesses who are the King's nieces only, and are to take their place next to His Majesty's own daughters and sisters. In short, it is fully recognised that the daughter of the monarch carries with her her own royal position into her alliance with a British nobleman, and does not sink into a less distinguished position for herself and her children than if she had married one of the innumerable and really less important foreign Princes.

A discussion is occupying much space in a London journal as to the dress of poor girls, and a suggestion is made that the Board School is to blame for their over-showiness, their tawdry decorations, and their flimsy gaudiness of dress. It is no new idea that people who have not the innate sense to dress in accordance with their station ought to be made to do so. Sumptuary laws were a part of our Statute-Book for many a generation, and were particularly interfering and stern in the days of the most "dressy" of our Sovereigns, Queen Elizabeth; but they failed, and fell into disuse. The idea that School-Board teachers' mere exhortation may nowadays fill the place of the defunct sumptuary legislation is novel, but quite absurd. The influence of the school on conduct outside is remarkably little. The Board-School pupils talk, for instance, neither as they are formally taught to do in grammar lessons by their teachers, nor as those teachers generally set them an example; they talk instead bad grammar in a Cockney dialect pronunciation, just as they hear the language used at home. The example of the classes better off than themselves will be the main factor of influence in regulating the working-girls' costume; and we cannot deny that the example of middle and upper-class women, well-to-do and able to choose their clothing freely, is all in the direction of more display, more change, and less stability than of old. We do not wear the silks that would "stand alone" and last ten years that our grandmothers looked for, and we do wear diamond brooches and pearl necklaces all day long; in both respects differing from our venerable ancestresses of early Victorian times, and equally in both respects setting an example to our working sisters that they will surely follow at the distance that their paucity of funds compels. Men are just as bad. The cheap rings and straggling feathers of the factory-girl are no more deplorable from the point of view of sense and good taste than the abolition of the smock-frock among farm-labourers. The disappearance of that cleanly and

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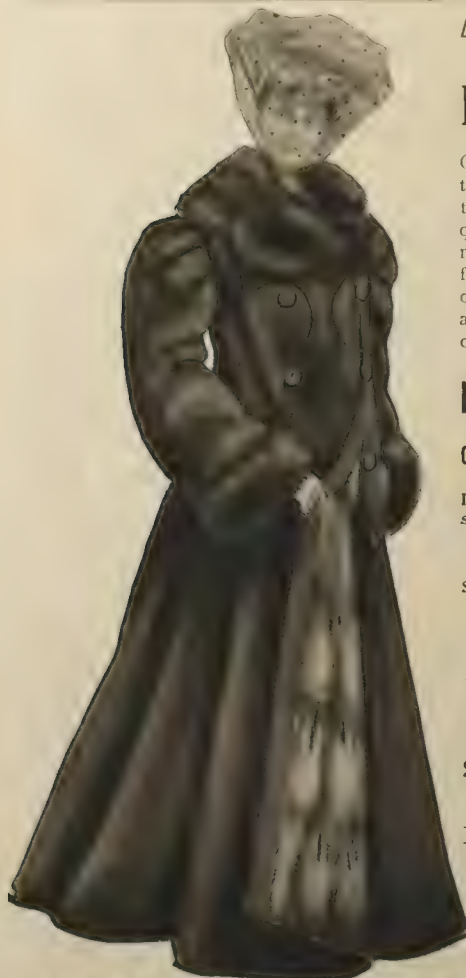
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lasting and useful garment has taken place in the country in living memory; but now the women who could do the smocking and the men who would wear the washable overall so prettily made have practically all gone together. It is the levelling spirit of the age, the progress of democracy. Who can help it? As the individual must have, as the tolerant French proverb says, "the defects of his qualities," so must the period.

It is an undoubted fact that fashion at present not only permits, but demands the wearing of much jewellery with afternoon dress, and for all smart functions. To be without a little glitter at a wedding, or a bazaar, or an afternoon party, is to be quite devoid of effect. Messrs. Benson, of 25, Old Bond Street, have risen to the opportunity, and have acquired, on exceptional terms, the whole stock of a retiring manufacturing jeweller, which they now offer retail at remarkably low prices for the quality of the stones. The manufacturer in question has been accustomed to supply the leading shops of the country with jewels on approval, that is, to put in their show-cases, to see if they would find purchasers—and, as he has decided to relinquish this business, Messrs. Benson have been able to secure at a low price the fine stock that has been constructed to form the chief attraction of leading jewellers' shops in every important town. As the majority of the stones were bought before the recent rise in price of diamonds and pearls, and as they are all set in the latest designs of London and Paris, it is a superb collection. Rings, brooches, pendants, necklaces, and bracelets are all shown in charming designs; and besides that, there is a parcel of fine loose stones that Messrs. Benson can make up to choice, and these also are much lower-priced than the ordinary similar gem.

How very pretty is a rose-coloured bridal party in chilly, dark weather was shown anew at the wedding of Lady Constance Knox, daughter of the Earl of Ranfurly, with Mr. Milnes-Gaskell. The bride was for several years in New Zealand, with her parents, while Lord Ranfurly was Governor. The mother of the bridegroom, Lady Catherine Milnes-Gaskell, a daughter of the Dowager Countess of Portsmouth, has taken an active part in the public life of her neighbourhood, having sat for years on the School Board and the Parish Council. The wedding has thus a more widely spread interest than usual. The bride wore the traditional white satin, of the soft "mousseline" variety, draped with soft pleatings of tulle, and almost covered by a long veil of old lace, the gift of her grandmother, who wore it at her own wedding. The ten bridesmaids, nearly all of them daughters of peers, were charming to behold in their dresses of rose-red tulle with mousseline with fichus of lace, and "Romney" hats of the same coloured velvet with ruches of white net and lace set under the brims. Instead of



A DAINY DINNER-GOWN.

This is a simple but elegant design for white mousseline-dress and lace. The skirt is of white tulle, some falls over a folded and pointed belt of white satin.

bouquets, they carried muffs of red velvet and white lace, and they wore wedding-favours of lilies-of-the-valley tied with white satin ribbon, and also the bridegroom's present of red-enamel brooches, each set with a spray of lilies in diamonds on it. Nearly everybody in church (St. Peter's, Eaton Square) was dressed in velvet.

Lady Florence Dixie, daughter of a late Marquess of Queensberry, and wife of Sir A. Beaumont Dixie, who has died at the comparatively early age of fifty, was a most original and interesting personality. Her young womanhood held far more adventure and novelty than commonly fall to the lot of even an unprotected daughter of the people, and are rare, indeed, for a woman of her rank. She travelled in then almost unknown lands, "Across Patagonia," to quote the title of one of her books, and elsewhere in the wildest regions, big-game shooting; and during the Boer War of the early eighties she was a fearless and successful war-correspondent. She devised an unconventional costume for herself for these expeditions, and rode cross-saddle, of course. I say "of course," because this is done by every woman who undertakes serious and long-distance riding, even by such conventional persons as the late Isabella Bird Bishop and such quiet and unobtrusive ones as Ida Pfeiffer; but Lady Florence Dixie did not do it shamefacedly and as secretly as possible, but always urged that this was the one and only rational way of riding, and continued it after her return to her native Scotland. She was an excellent shot, but one day she went up, before its death, to an animal that had fallen to her gun, and the wistful, reproachful gaze that it fixed upon her changed her heart as suddenly as that bright light converted St. Paul: she then and there gave up her cherished sport, and became a warm anti-vivisectionist. She was an ardent politician, and especially active in the agitation for Irish Home Rule. Mixed up with this in some obscure way was an extraordinary adventure that befell her when living at Windsor. She was, she stated, walking alone at night, when she was attacked by two men. The incident became memorable because the late Queen's attendant, John Brown, took the cold that led to his death while he was sharing in the investigation of a circumstance so alarming under the shadow of Windsor Castle. Before that, Queen Victoria had quite a *penchant* for the bright, unconventional Lady Florence, but afterwards—! The present King was godfather to one of her sons, Mr. Albert Edward Dixie. Lady Florence was very pretty. She was a "Woman's Rights" advocate in the widest sense, seeking for other women the same absolute freedom that she had so enjoyed herself. Alas! that active spirit, that indomitable frame had been for years caged by pain and illness. She had lain on her couch and suffered a long period of terrible torture from an unhealed injury to a limb; but her courage and her interest in life never faltered through all this seclusion and suffering. Of late years she was a "fruitarian" living on two meals a day of fruits, fresh and dried, and nuts, milk, and whole-meal bread. She had a unique personality.—FILomena.

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trophies representing the products of the King's Dominions beyond the Seas. The arrangement and decorations of these cars were in the hands of Messrs. Defries and Messrs. Nestor. The old pageant retains its fascination, for the route was thronged.

Although many years have elapsed since the late Græco-Turkish War, Mr. Bennet Burleigh's name has not apparently been forgotten in the Hellenic Kingdom. The King of Greece has just forwarded him the Cross with the Order of Chevalier.

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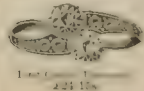
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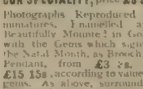
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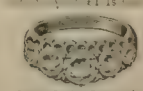
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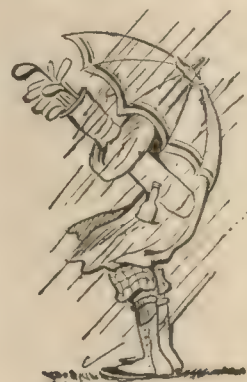


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## MUSIC.

The musical event of the week is, of course, the production at Covent Garden of Giordano's "Andrea Chénier." This opera has hardly had a fair chance in England. The Carl Rosa Company produced it in 1903, but Covent Garden has waited until the work is nearly ten years old because, we believe, one of the chief authorities has been of opinion that it will not be able to claim the serious regard of a London audience. We are not prepared to say how far this might have been true in days when the new operatic convention of young Italy was before London for the first time, but it is certainly true now. Giordano's work is interesting, distinctly clever in modern fashion, and often melodious, but when he wrote "Andrea Chénier" he had not sufficient of the dramatic sense in music to enable him to deal with a subject to which few living composers could possibly do justice. The tremendous tragedy that the libretto attempts to set out, demands gifts of passion



TRAFALGAR SQUARE AFLOAT.

## THE TRAFALGAR CELEBRATIONS AT BERMUDA.

At Bermuda the Navy is represented by a dockyard and the ships of the Particular Service Squadron. These were asked at short notice to assist at the Nelson Centenary Regatta. The most popular event was the procession of fantastically rigged copper punts. One was an elaborate model of the "Victory," constructed by the dockyard, another was a model of Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar Square by the men of H.M.S. "Eclipse," and a third was a submarine rigged by H.M.S. "St. George."

to paint on a smaller canvas, he could have given us a picture of far better quality, and that, in this case at least, his ambition has carried him too far.

In the interpretation of the music the composer was at once fortunate and unfortunate. As the hapless poet, Signor Zenatello sang as well as we have ever heard him sing, and that is very high praise indeed. He entered completely into the spirit of the opera, and there were many moments when he held the house enthralled. In the part of Gérard, Sammarco stood side by side with him, singing in fashion that seemed to give added vitality to the libretto and fresh charm to the music. Unfortunately, Madame Strakosch, to whom the important part of Maddalena was allotted, did not justify the hopes of her friends. Even apart from the tremolo that was almost unceasing, she was not in good voice: we have heard her sing in far more pleasing fashion during the present season. Maddalena was not upon the same plane as Chénier and Gérard until the last act, when interest in the part had passed, and the loss to the opera was considerable. We would be sorry to

see Giordano's work put upon the shelf, for it holds much that is beautiful, but we fear it has little chance of holding its own at our national Opera House.

The latest arrival at Covent Garden is Signor Battistini, the great baritone, for whom "Rigoletto" was set down on Wednesday night. Battistini's reputation stretches from one end of the world of music to the other. "Don Giovanni" is to be given in order that this singer may present the title-role.

## CONCERTS.

In the past week many delightful concerts have been given in London, but we can do no more than mention the best in this place. At the Albert Hall on Sunday last the London Symphony Orchestra was heard to great advantage in Beethoven's Third Leonore Overture, and in Richard Strauss' remarkable work "Tod und Verklärung." Mr. Gregory Hast sang finely. In the evening the same orchestra, under the direction of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, took the chief part at the concert



A MODEL OF THE "VICTORY."

and imagination in music that the composer does not possess, and time after time, when a climax is reached on the stage, there is something almost in the nature of an anti-climax in the orchestra. We would not suggest that the music is not praiseworthy, only that it is not clever enough. There are detached numbers of singular beauty. Chénier has one in the first act, there are two fine love-duets, and some charming passages in which a woman of the people gives up her only son to the service of the Republic; but these numbers will not make up for what is lacking, even though they help to convince us that, had Giordano been content



A SHAM SUBMARINE.

given at the Hippodrome, under the direction of Mr. B. W. Findon, for the benefit of the Playgoers' Pantomime Fund, which gives to many little children of the slums their one entertainment of the year. Many distinguished artists gave their services to this performance—Madame Kirkby Lunn, Madame de Cisneros, and Mr. Andrew Black being heard at their best. At the Bechstein Hall members of the Sunday Club assembled to hear Miss May Harrison play the Beethoven Violin Concerto, and Signor Maurel sang some charming songs in his own inimitable fashion. To-day Mischa Elman plays at the Crystal Palace.

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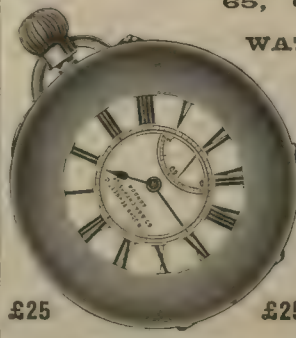
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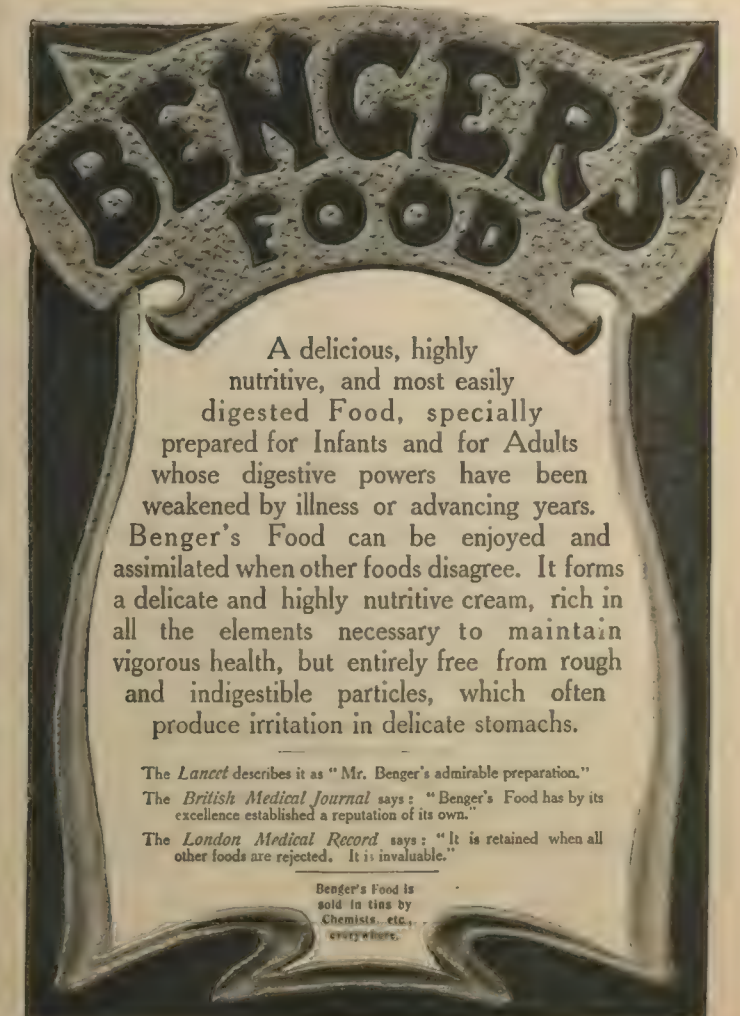


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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE," AT THE COURT.

Undoubtedly, Mr. Granville Barker, as dramatist, has an aptitude for the writing of witty and telling dialogue; undoubtedly, too, the clever author of "The Voysey Inheritance" has the gift of being able to individualise his characters—there is not a single member of the outwardly decorous middle-class family to which we are introduced in his new play of whom we cannot say, "How life-like, how true!" On the other hand, like so many young artists, Mr. Barker is fatally fluent and discursive; like so many so-called realists, he is content with photographic effects; and, like his friend Mr. Bernard Shaw, whom he seems to have taken in part as a model, he has not much capacity for expressing the development of character. There is no progressive movement in his play; his people remain pretty much what they were at the beginning of the action—in fact, they don't act, they merely talk. Mr. Barker might well sit a little longer at the feet of the master in whose school he has obviously graduated. Ibsen could teach him the lesson of self-restraint; from Ibsen he would learn that the true artist is he who does something more than cut a chunk out of life and leave it unshaped and unrounded. There are several excellent scenes in Mr. Barker's five-act drama, notably, the conversation between the fraudulent old solicitor and his young son and partner, in which the latter learns that his respectable-seeming father's whole career has been one of dishonesty and fraud—the entire passage is brilliant in its irony, if much too long. Unfortunately, whenever the young playwright attempts action he plunges, like his hero, into the ill-considered faults of youth; he strives to make a short cut to his ends. The play, then, can only be regarded as an extremely interesting gallery of typical modern portraits, and from that point of view it proves highly remunerative to its interpreters. Just as each figure in the drama is nicely limned by its author, so there is not one player in the Court cast who does not produce a strong impression. To enumerate all the acting successes would, therefore, involve quoting the name of every member of the company. It must suffice to mention the dignified old swindler of Mr. A. E. George, the pompous Major of Mr. Fulton, the listless young Bohemian of Mr. Dennis Eadie, the Hamlet-like hero of Mr. Thalberg Corbett, the common-sense matron of Miss Henrietta Watson, and the cheerful but deaf

young wife of Miss Florence Haydon, as outstanding features of the *matinée* performance.

## "LUCKY MISS DEAN," AT THE HAYMARKET.

It would have been a pity if so amusing a "little comedy" as Mr. Sidney Bowkett's "Lucky Miss Dean" had had to terminate its career with the close of Miss Ethel Irving's tenancy of the Criterion. Since that date



AN UNMISTAKABLE TUMBLER.

the merry piece has been on tour, and now room has been found for it in town once more at the Haymarket. It would have been a pity, too, if West-End playgoers had been robbed of the chance of seeing Mr. Charles Hawtrey in a typical "liar" part, when once he had been prevailed on to supersede Mr. Marsh Allen in the leading rôle. Mr. Hawtrey ambles imperturbably through all the fibs and shifts of that ingenious young artist, Mr. Frederick Ware, with his customary ease and lazy nonchalance; and if the actor hardly realises the

boyish vivacity of the hero, and sometimes substitutes his own words for those of the author's text, these things are readily forgiven to an artist with such a persuasive personality as is Mr. Hawtrey's. As for Miss Jessie Bateman, who now succeeds Miss Ethel Irving in the captivating character of Acacia Dean, her performance is compact of charm. Her tears, her pouts, her smiles are all equally irresistible; she is the spirit of youth incarnate, and she looks as pretty as the prettiest picture.

## A DELIGHTFUL TOILET ACQUISITION.

Refinement makes for hygiene in just the same way as hygiene makes for health. This fact is every day being more and more insisted upon by doctors and by the medical papers, and is being constantly put into practice in private houses. A notable instance of the working of this idea is furnished by the recent introduction of tumblers specially designed for toilet use. They have been brought out by the proprietors of that favourite dentifrice and mouth-wash—Odol. Fragrant as the preparation is, it has the quality also possessed by other mouth-washes, and, indeed, essential to their popularity, of being perfumed. The perfume naturally clings to the glass, and if, on occasion, it is used for drinking purposes it flavours the water, and water which is flavoured is decidedly objectionable, unless the flavour happens to be of that popular character which has no teeth-cleansing properties. By using the tumbler with the circle of blue for the dentifrice, there is no possibility of its being mistaken for a tumbler for holding drinking-water. So obvious a necessity of our civilisation has naturally impressed the hotel proprietors, who are always on the alert to introduce everything that makes for the comfort of their patrons, and these tumblers have already been adopted not only in most of the fashionable establishments, but even in smaller ones, as well as in a large number of private families; for the price at which they are sold at the chemist's places them within the reach of everyone.

In our picture of "Lights Out," the portrait which was marked "Lieutenant Hagermeister (Mr. L. Victor)" should have been "Fourth Member of the Court-Martial, Mr. F. Llewellyn."

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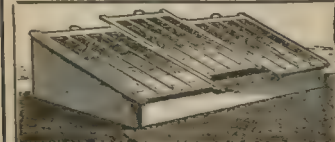
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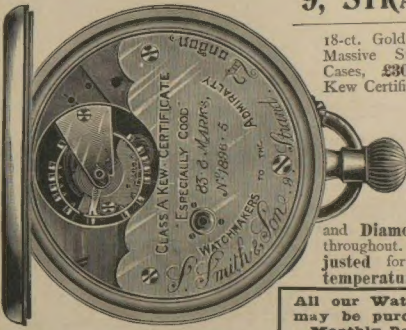
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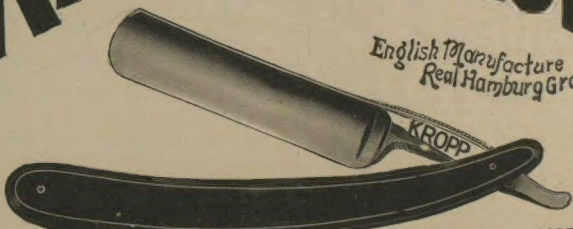
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EVANS VACUUM CAP COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen,—I believe that any man whose blood is in good condition can cultivate a healthy and complete growth of hair. I had been losing my hair for about ten years, and there was a bare space, about three inches wide, extending from front to the back part of my head. I saw the advertisement of the Evans Vacuum Cap in *Everybody's Magazine* some time ago, and the logic of the argument appealed to me. I cut the advertisement out and carried it in my pocket, knowing that I would be in St. Louis at the World's Fair in charge of my Automobile Spring Exhibit, which was recently awarded a gold medal.

I have now used the Cap for a little over three months, and my photograph enclosed herewith will show you the results. I have obtained. I mailed this photograph home to my wife in Boston, and her surprise at noting the growth of hair on my head will perhaps be appreciated by quoting from her letter: "Your picture came in this morning, but how strange it seems. Are you wearing a wig or has the Cap really made your hair grow in again?"

Although I appreciate the honour of getting the gold medal on my own invention, yet I am frank to say that I have derived more satisfaction from having my hair restored than receiving the medal.

NOTE.—This letter is not to be published with signature attached. However, a facsimile of same, bearing name and address of the writer, will be used on request.

## The Bank Guarantee



Having proved beyond all question that a reasonable use of our invention, the Evans Vacuum Cap, will develop a natural, permanent growth of hair, we show our confidence by furnishing the Applicant under an unequalled guarantee backed by the Jefferson Bank, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A. All we ask is that you deposit the price of the Cap in the Jefferson Bank of St. Louis, where it will remain during the trial period, subject to your order. This simply implies that the invention is not being ordered through curiosity, but that it will be used, and that is all we ask.

If you do not cultivate a sufficient growth of hair to convince you that the Method is effective, simply notify the Bank and they will return your deposit in full.

We have no agents, and no one is authorised to sell, offer for sale, or receive money for the Evans Vacuum Cap. All Caps are sold under the Bank's guarantee, and all money is sent direct to the Jefferson Bank.

Even an application of a Vacuum gives the scalp a pleasant, tingling sensation that denotes the presence of new life in the scalp, and which cannot be obtained by other means.

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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

On the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, Prebendary Ridgeway announced to his congregation at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, that he had been appointed to the Deanery of Carlisle. There is no more successful church in West London than that to which he has ministered since 1884, when he followed the present Bishop of Ripon as Vicar. Christ Church and St. Michael's, Chester Square, have long been famous for the liberality of their gifts to the Hospital Sunday Fund, and large sums have been raised every year for objects outside the parish.

The Bishop of Carlisle (Dr. Diggle) is one of the most successful platform speakers of the day. At the recent Thanksgiving of the Bible Society he was the only orator who ventured to indulge in humour. He likened his closing address, on the lessons of the occasion, to the slack which is thrown on a fire to keep it burning long. Dr. Diggle referred to the brotherliness among Christian Churches which is promoted by common work for the Society: "We Churchmen and Nonconformists on this platform are not a menagerie which must be caged off like lions and tigers. Here we meet in perfect friendship and unity."

In the Chapter House of Salisbury Cathedral last week, the Bishop, Dr. John Wordsworth, was presented with his portrait, which has been painted by Sir George Reid. A silver bowl and set of Warwick vases were also given to mark the completion of twenty years' tenure of the



AN OCEAN POST: THE ST. KILDA MAIL.

Very few mail-steamers visit St. Kilda, but the people often set adrift letters packed in a tin can with cotton-wool covered with tarred canvas, and sewn with twine. The tin is attached to an inflated sheepskin bag to act as a buoy, with a wooden float marked "St. Kilda Mail. Please open." Such a packet, a Van Houten's cocoa-tin, containing two letters and eight postcards, with a shilling for postage, lately came from St. Kilda to the Shetland coast in sixty-two days, and the little mail was duly forwarded.

see by Dr. Wordsworth. Lord Nelson, in making the presentation, remarked that the list of subscribers included the names of many Nonconformists. He congratulated Sir George Reid on having been able

London, should be read by every householder. It deals with many fallacies and explains in a simple manner some of the intricacies of a most important and little-understood subject.

to catch so deeply spiritual an expression in the portrait.

The cause of the poorer clergy was ably pleaded by the Archbishop of Canterbury during his recent visit to Exeter. He urged that when new parishes were formed the incumbents should be set free from the task of constant begging. "I know as much as any English Bishop," he said, "about the magnificent work done by clergymen in the poorest districts of great cities, and I know that these men break down, not from overwork alone, but from the combination of work and begging."

The Archbishop of York has made a good recovery from his recent illness, and has resumed his usual work. He contradicts the report that he is likely to retire at an early date on account of ill-health.

The Bishop of Carlisle visited Barrow last week, and held a meeting of Church people, in order to arrange the preliminaries of the next Church Congress. The Weymouth Congress proved financially successful, a credit balance of £200 being left, after expenses had been paid.

"Fire Insurance, its Defects and the Remedy," a pamphlet just issued by Messrs. Gillow, Oxford Street.

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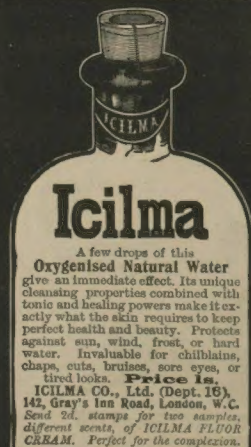
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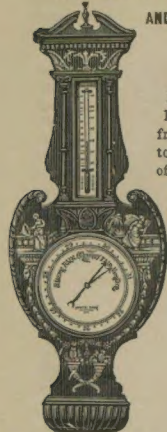
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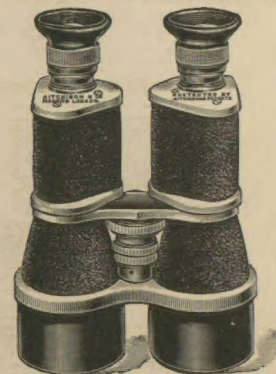
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1903), with two codicils, of MR. CHRISTOPHER DOVE BARKER, of Radnor House, Great Malvern, who died on Sept. 3, was proved on Oct. 31 by Kenward Stuart Barker, the son, Arthur Charles Cherry, Archibald Henry Weller, and Francis Lloyd Oswell, the value of the estate amounting to £599,019 gross and £582,731 net. The testator gives £30,000, in trust, for his daughter Helena Ethel; £50,000, in trust, for his daughter Constance Marie Tinline; £62,000, in trust, for his daughter Lillie Adelina Wharry; £58,500, in trust, for his daughter Alice F. Maud Bate; £57,500, in trust, for his daughter Gertrude Emmeline Colmore; £60,000, in trust, for his daughter Eveline Louise Georgina Barker; £59,000, in trust, for his daughter Mabel Gray Mombert; £35,000 to his son Reginald Stanley; £5000 to his son Kenward; £500 to the Malvern Rural Hospital; £200 to the Worcester Infirmary; and £100 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society and Dr. Barnardo's Homes. The residue of his property he leaves to his said two sons.

The will of MR. CHARLES BOOSEY, of The Pines, Bickley, head of the well-known music-publishing firm in Regent Street, who died on July 24, was proved on Nov. 7 by Mrs. Jane Ann Boosey, the widow, Charles Thomas Boosey and Arthur Boosey, the sons, Henry Curwen, and Arthur Robinson, the value of the estate being £99,552. The testator gives £100 per annum to his sisters Harriett and Charlotte Boosey, and £50 per annum to the survivor of them; £100 per annum to each married daughter during the life of his wife; and £100 to each married sister. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife for life, and then £3000 is to be held, in trust, for each of his grandchildren Gerald Gott and Edith Tonge, and the ultimate residue divided among his children, except his deceased daughters Gertrude Alice Gott and Edith Tonge.

The will (dated June 23, 1903) of MR. CHARLES PICKERSGILL-CUNLIFFE, of Beacon Hill Park, Hindhead, who died on Sept. 26, was proved on Nov. 7 by Harry Pickersgill-Cunliffe and Charles Edward Hoskin Master, the value of the property being £63,414. The testator gives £500, the household furniture, horses, and

carriages, and the income from £4000, to his wife, £100 each to his executors, and the residue of his property to his children.

The will (dated Jan. 27, 1904), of Charles, Earl of Romney, of Gayton Hall, Norfolk, and 4, Upper Belgrave Street, who died on Aug. 21, was proved on Oct. 30, by his son Charles, now Earl of Romney, the value of the property being £25,896. Subject to the gift of personal articles to his wife and family, he leaves all his estate and effects to his eldest son.

The will (dated Feb. 18, 1895) of the HON. ELIZABETH MAULE, of 53, Lancaster Gate, who died on Feb. 11, widow of the Hon. William Maule, has been proved by Herbert Kinnaird Ogilvy, the value of the property being sworn at £23,760. The testatrix gives £300 to the Missions to Seamen; £1000 to her grandson William Maule Reginald Wingate; £1000 each to Miss Ellen Mary Hayward, General William Gibb, and Louis Wilkinson; £600 and an annuity of £200 to her servant Amy Isabel Aldred; £300 to her servant Amy Jane Aldred; and other legacies. The residue she leaves, in trust, for her daughter Elizabeth Patricia.

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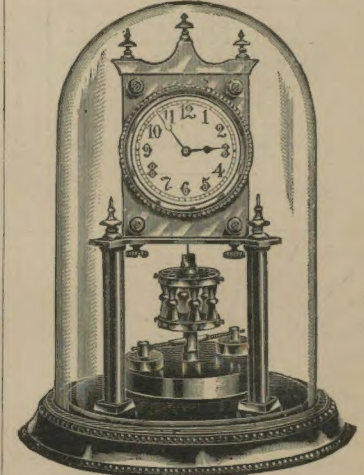


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